

The Aldine

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Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

EVE. — AFTER BOUGUEREAU.

Engraved by Jonnard

NEUMUEHLEN, ON THE ELBE. — E. OESTERLEY, JR.

THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

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ART IN PHILADELPHIA.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

ONE of the greatest of modern critics observed the method of first searching out and setting forth whatever he could find to praise in the subject in hand, and then proceeding by easy stages to those severer measures by which he so effectually exposed shams, rebuked folly, and put down conceit. With all respect for the example of so noble a master as Sainte Beuve, I am constrained to reverse his order on this occasion, and utter, first the unpleasing truths, and then turn to more agreeable views. Art, in our city, has, so far, remained in a comparatively neglected state. Culture is of slow growth; and its halting progress would discourage any but the faithful few who have watched and cherished its development in our prosaic and utilitarian community. But we have a brighter future immediately before us, and can look forward to the coming of better things with assured hope. A retrospective view, necessary to begin with, is not gratifying; but a fair summary of our present condition and prospects will not fail to satisfy, and is full of good promise.

A cosmopolitan friend once said to me: "There are more pictures to the square mile in Philadelphia, than any other place in the world." I have never taken measures to prove the exact truth of the observation, but it certainly suggests several incontestible facts. There are a great many pictures here—mostly bad. And they may properly be considered "by the square mile" of the city's area, as they occupy the walls of almost every residence, and as a general thing are of the panoramic order of excellence, valued according to size. Furthermore, residences are not confined to one district excluding business, and business to another excluding residences; there being no such sharp distinction between "up town" and "down town" as exists in New York, for instance; and each square mile, therefore, has its full share of pictorial adornment. We have, heretofore, had no considerable public galleries, no collections except those in private hands, where works of art are gathered together. Our advancement in art has been connected with the improvement in the conditions of the domestic life of our people; and I have faith to believe it will presently be found that we have been laying foundations broad and deep, on which will arise generous culture, giving capacity for intelligent appreciation of truth, manifested in forms of beauty.

Philadelphia is the typical American city. It has grown up under the ideas held by the fathers of the Republic, not much subjected to foreign influences on the one hand, and not bound by imperative sectional traditions on the other. Not so cosmopolitan as New York, nor so thoroughly local in character as Boston, Philadelphia represents American institutions and the progress of American civilization more perfectly than any other of our older cities. One of the distinguishing features resulting from this growth, is that Philadelphia has become pre-eminently a city of homes. The first requisite of a home is a homestead, held in fee by the family. A very large majority of our people own the houses they dwell in, and, in old neighborhoods, have owned them for generations. We have no May flittings of itinerant tribes who camp for a season in one spot and then "move" to another. Under such mutable conditions, the less property there is to be "moved" the better. Household belongings of any grade above the dinner-pot, do not bear the exposure incident to transportation. Much moving not only works destruction to the finer and more fragile possessions of the family, but, worse still, destroys the desire to accumulate such treasures. We learn, not to set our hearts on fair but frail objects, to have and to hold about our homes, when they are

reasonably certain to be smashed in pieces on the first of May proximo.

When our roof-tree takes root in our own indefeasible real estate, we acquire that sense of permanence which is an essential among the conditions favorable to the rearing of a home. The one spot in the world where we abide and expect our children to abide after us, becomes a centre about which all our interests revolve. In our wanderings through the world, whether we keep our ways within the limits of a few streets, or extend our journeys as far as Mesopotamia and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, we encounter many things to admire and desire. What we can, we take and bring home. And where the home is to last, according to our human apprehensions, forever, a certain prodigality, even, is allowable in seeking betterments for it. When our children's children may live to enjoy the graceful and beautiful things that tempt us on our way, an occasional extravagance in adorning our homes may surely be indulged in without censure.

I speak of ornament, especially, as the love of decoration leads to the first step in artistic culture. It has been well observed, that primitive man, learning the uses of clothing, begins with the purely ornamental. In the savage's pupilage to the arts of the toilet, paint and feathers are the first acquirements: protection of the body and limbs by garments he only learns as he becomes civilized. So it is with our education in art: we learn first to appreciate the simplest work of mere embellishment—masses of bright color and a few pleasing lines. That which in modern phrase is called the "literary value" of art, its dramatic quality, by virtue of which the picture tells its story and the statue conveys its meaning, we attain an understanding of afterward. And finally, æsthetic studies absorb the comparatively few minds further advanced in culture, with whose experiences the present writing is not so much concerned.

The mass of our people—those whom President Lincoln sympathetically called "the plain people," have passed slowly and hesitatingly through the first stage of progress, and have been fairly initiated into the study of representative art. They have indulged in paint and feathers *ad libitum*, with no thought but of ornamentation. The popular taste has run to chromos, in which bad drawing and bad composition were all unrecognized, while they certainly made a bright spot on the wall—to mottoes and illuminations whose obscure lettering, overlaid with trefoil and tracery, might not be very legible, but whose graceful outlines were pleasing to the eye. Such have been the prizes that those who go forth from our homes have brought back for their friends' entertainment. And I do not mean to include only the purchases at the print shop around the corner, beguiling a part of the Saturday night's wages from the pocket of the artisan. There are paintings from Paris, and marbles ordered in Italy, that are of the chromo and motto, the paint-and-feathers order of art, and no better. And there are many parlors filled with costly furnishings, where the same idea is entertained of the pictures on the walls and the carpet on the floor—namely, that of an ornamental covering for the bare surfaces of the house.

But, as before said, we are emerging from this novitiate, and are preparing to take interest in art productions that mean something. A little group of figures in clay that embodies a common sentiment, will attract the attention of every passer-by. A strong picture in black and white, illustrating some striking incident or bit of scenery, will be widely understood and admired. We already begin to regard the quality of the work, to take note of close imitations of nature, to recognize some of the broader characteristics of good drawing, to comprehend what constitutes a fine engraving. Our young folk are opening their eyes. They see more in the paint-and-feathers order of chromos than their fathers did: see enough, indeed, to banish some of the most shocking specimens to the limbo of the attic. They will presently replace the old rubbish with better work; and though the gain will not be great, 'twill still be a gain. We shall not suddenly become a community of connoisseurs, at

once severely correct and liberal in patronage. We shall still admire crude things, unconscious of why or wherefore,—and shall not cease to remark when looking at pictures, that "we don't know much about art, but we know what pleases us." We shall, for a time, continue to buy amazing landscapes in tremendous frames, with rough brown shadow-boxes, at \$20 each, or \$30 for a pair; and we can not yet dispense with that long-suffering female figure, bare armed and voluminously draped, doing duty in photographic and lithographic reproductions as "Hope" or "Memory" or "Friendship" or "Contemplation." But even in these poor performances there is visible improvement. The paintings, to sell at all, must be—not better, perhaps, but at all events not so dreadfully bad; and meantime we are learning to think about them, to consider their demerits, to compare them occasionally with pictures on exhibition, which we are told, on good authority, are real works of art. Thus the worthless may be made to serve as a stepping-stone to something worthy.

I am fully aware of the rank heresy involved in the belief that these commonplace interests of the "plain people" can have any relation whatever to the progress of art. I have many friends, especially among the artists' guild, who would be swift to denounce the assumption that true art can ever be intimately related with the every-day life of the masses of mankind. Art is to them a temple, where the good and virtuous among the people are admitted to the outer courts, but only the Levites can enter within the sanctuary. This is the Old World view of the matter, and has naturally been perpetuated in this new land.

American independence was declared—as we are all likely to be made aware—one hundred years ago, and our political freedom was established after seven years. Commercially, we were controlled by the mother land, fifty years later, and have not yet wholly cast off the leading-strings. Our literature was provincial in character, until within the past twenty-five years; and in art, we still send our promising students to the old schools across seas. Thus it is that our art is ruled by tradition: ideals of other peoples and other lands inspire our hopes and direct our endeavors.

We have still to achieve our enfranchisement from the dominion of Europe. And yet this revolution we are destined to accomplish, or "perish in the attempt." Our forefathers, when they acquired wealth enough to build good houses, imported the bricks and wood-work from Holland and England. We have been doing the same, in the sphere of æsthetics, but can not afford to continue the costly servility. We must use our own material, must develop American resources, under the direction of those ideas that America stands for, before the world.

Now, I am free to take issue with my artist friends, above alluded to, and declare that here, in Philadelphia to-day, the scion of art culture, though transplanted from abroad, has taken deep root in the homes of the people. Nourished by favoring conditions, trained with competent care, by means presently to be noted, I think there is good reason to hope that we shall see a vigorous growth, bringing forth flowers of beauty and fruit of good works, symbolizing the spirit of the people, cultivated for the people, and appreciated by the people.

The agencies I look to for guiding our steps in the right way, and aiding our progress as we need, are the same that we are indebted to for such advancement as we have already attained. The most important is the Academy of Fine Arts. This noble institution is about to occupy the new Academy Building on Broad Street. The occasion will be marked by appropriate ceremonies; and I shall be glad to take that opportunity to give some account of the history, present condition, prospects and purposes of the organization. Our private collections are also helpful, and I have no doubt will be more and more freely opened to public view as the public learns to value the privilege. There are several private galleries of great worth, and I trust a description of these will be found of interest hereafter. The Fairmount Park Art Association is rendering beneficent service in procuring excellent works

for the adornment of the park. It will be one of the best legacies of the Centennial Exposition, if Memorial Hall can be left as a permanent gallery under the care of this admirable association. The School of Design for Women is accomplishing much in promoting the best interests of art education, and has the promise of great future usefulness. There are other institutions that ought to be mentioned, but I can not undertake at once to enumerate them all. Neither can I properly refrain from saying, in conclusion, that the circulation of THE ALDINE is having a noticeable effect in cultivating correct taste, and affording those who care to learn, an opportunity to become acquainted with the works of the masters in art, reproduced in a manner worthy of the originals. —John V. Sears.

THE FROLIC OF THE SNOW.

A NEW ENGLAND PICTURE.

I.

THE SNOW-FALL.

SILENTLY, swiftly down it fell,
Covering the bare fields over;
Guarding so tenderly and well,
The hiding of grass and clover.

It hovered where the old elms stood,
Penciled clear in lines of beauty;
It crowned each twig with a feath'ry hood —
Artistic fulfillment of duty.

Over the rest of sainted bands
It spread a counterpane pearly;
Firs and spruces wave ghostly hands
In the morning gray and early.

In the clear sunrise the forest seems
A cathedral grand, uplifted,
As through its corridors golden beams
From its towers are flashed and sifted.

The hill-tops, clothed with new robes white,
Their heads to the sky upraising,
With the valleys at their feet unite
In a silent chorus of praising.

So clean and pure, so saintly fair,
Is earth in her white, white wrapping.
Can eager life, with its stain and care,
Be just for a season napping?

II.

NOTES OF PREPARATION.

Hark! what sounds greet the list'ning ear?
Neighbor calling out to neighbor:
The busy life all again astir:
Man going forth to his labor.

The white-horned oxen toss their heads,
As they plow out the drifted highways;
Ruddy-faced urchins fling and toss
The crystals about in the by-ways.

The jingling sleigh-bells' merry chime,
On the crisp, keen air outringing,
Whisks to a bound the youthful pulse,
The hours with joyfulness winging!

"I move for a ride!" cries Paul McKay,
Flinging balls to regions upper;
"A glorious ride with the girls, I say,
And a right-down royal supper!"

"Seconded! carried! unanimous vote!"
Cries his friend, old Judge Gray's Harry:
"We'll ask all the neighborhood boys to join:
But, McKay, what girl will you carry?"

Paul glanced, half askance, at his querying friend,
Then spoke in a low voice, slyly,
"You're all settled, yourself, of course, old Hal?
You'll take little Anna Smiley?"

"All settled? Why yes, of course, friend Paul,
Don't mate me off in a hurry!
I see your drift — two words for yourself!
Queen Mabel is yours — don't worry!"

"Many thanks!" said Paul, with an inward sigh,
"And yours is the sweet May-flower!"
"A star for him — a bloom for me,"
Laughed Hal, "Oh! generous dower!"

III.

THE RIDE BY MOONLIGHT.

The sun with royal grace withdrew
Behind an amber-hued curtain,
Just backward flinging a golden glow,
Making glorious nightfall certain!

Old Boreas piped in all his winds,
E'en the puffy little breezes,
And marshaled them off to northern caves,
Where he ever roars and wheezes!

The big round moon rolled up the sky,
Where the stars, in Asian splendor,
Through the clear ether brightly gazed
With a yearning light and tender.

A perfect, grand, New England night!
All the land a crystal palace!
Beauty poured out broadcast, everywhere,
From an overflowing chalice.

All the horses in the town are out,
Of every shade of mettle,
Prancing, pawing, rushing about the streets,
Preliminaries to settle.

"You may conjugate the verb 'to love,'
In all of its moods and tenses,"
Says the Judge to his wife, "but snow's the beat,
For driving boys from their senses!"

In every house is a pleasant stir,
Wrapping up, all making ready;
The tripping about of youthful feet;
Calm movements of matrons steady!

Each sleigh is packed with soapstones hot,
And piled with buffaloes shaggy;
This one swift drawn by a sleek, smooth steed,
And that, by a farm-horse scraggy!

The Town House Square is the rendezvous,
And thither they all prance gayly.
"Oh! my stars!" little Jessie Greenough lisps,
"Who's with Dick, but Prudence Bailey!"

The roll is called, and responded to
With keen words and ringing laughter;
The teams dash off at a headlong speed,
As if the Old Nick was after!

Into line at length they settle down,
Speed alone giving right to places: —
A panorama of youthful forms,
And of rosy, love-lit faces.

Magnificent steeds are old Judge Grey's,
Striking out in a princely manner;
And, on the cushions by Harry's side
Blooms the sweet May-blossom, Anna!

On they speed — Hal Grey at the very head;
Glancing round, now and then, but shyly,
To the seat at the rear, where Paul McKay
Sits close beside Mabel Smiley!

They say Cupid's blind, the sly young rogue,
And shooteth at random merely:
He's no respecter of persons, sure,
And twists things about, right queerly!

A game of criss-cross, now, he plays,
Here and there his arrows flitting,
From where Queen Mabel by Paul McKay,
And Anna by Harry is sitting.

The music of glad, young voices, far
In laughter and song, commingles
With cling, clang, clong, of old farm bells,
And the new strings' silv'ry jingles.

On, on they dash o'er the open glade,
Where the moonbeams flash and glisten!
Creep, slowly creep, through the solemn shade:
The pines stop whispering to listen —

To listen to such sweet stories, told,
In the main by heart-beats and glances;
An exclamation-point now and then,
Such as every love-tale enhances!

IV.

THE AMBROSIAL SUPPER.

To the hotel door they grandly sweep,
Overflowing with youth and pleasure.
The air maddens heads like new-pressed wine;
And they've drunk, in fullest measure!

The enchanted feast that follows on,
Baffles all the painting of fiction:
Were ever breathed such loyal toasts
With such eloquent grace of diction?

Yet, save in those memories, gay and young,
They can be repeated — never!
The sparkling bead on amber wine,
In uncorking, flees forever!

V.

THE TIP-OVER.

Then the homeward drive, subduing, sweet,
With the full moon thrilling and calming;
The ghost of day seems to linger still
In a purer and fairer embalming.

On they slip. Now, a song is rippling forth,
And now some mirth-stirring sally!
What's this? Ah, Harry Grey's flying sleigh
Upset in a rough-drifted valley!

Hal is nicely tossed and tumbled about,
To his plunging steeds still clinging:
"Oh! Harry, Harry!" Queen Mabel screams,
Her voice, in its terror, sharp ringing.

Hal hears the scream — his heart gives a bound;
In a moment his team is righted;
And back he flies to where Mabel stands,
All trembling, pale and affrighted.

He holds her hand with an eager grasp,
His eyes full of love's revealing,
"They've left us out in the cold," he laughs,
Looking down where Paul is kneeling.

He's drawn Anna forth from the heap of robes,
And seated her there on a cushion,
"She bears it quite well, I think," says Hal,
"And seems to enjoy the position!"

When the party at length moves on again,
Cupid plays no criss-cross slyly;
For Mabel is tucked beside Hal Grey,
And Paul with sweet Anna Smiley!

Oft dangers, fancied or real, will right
A most dismal and cruel blunder;
But how Paul and Harry their sweethearts swapped,
Was more than a nine days' wonder.

"You may conjugate the verb 'to love,'
In all of its moods and tenses,"
Says his wife to the Judge, "but snow's the beat
For bringing girls to their senses!"

Then, ho! for New England's winter time!
And, ho! for the merry bells jingling!
The cling, clang, clong, and the silv'ry chime
Of happy young voices commingling!

— F. A. Blaisdell.

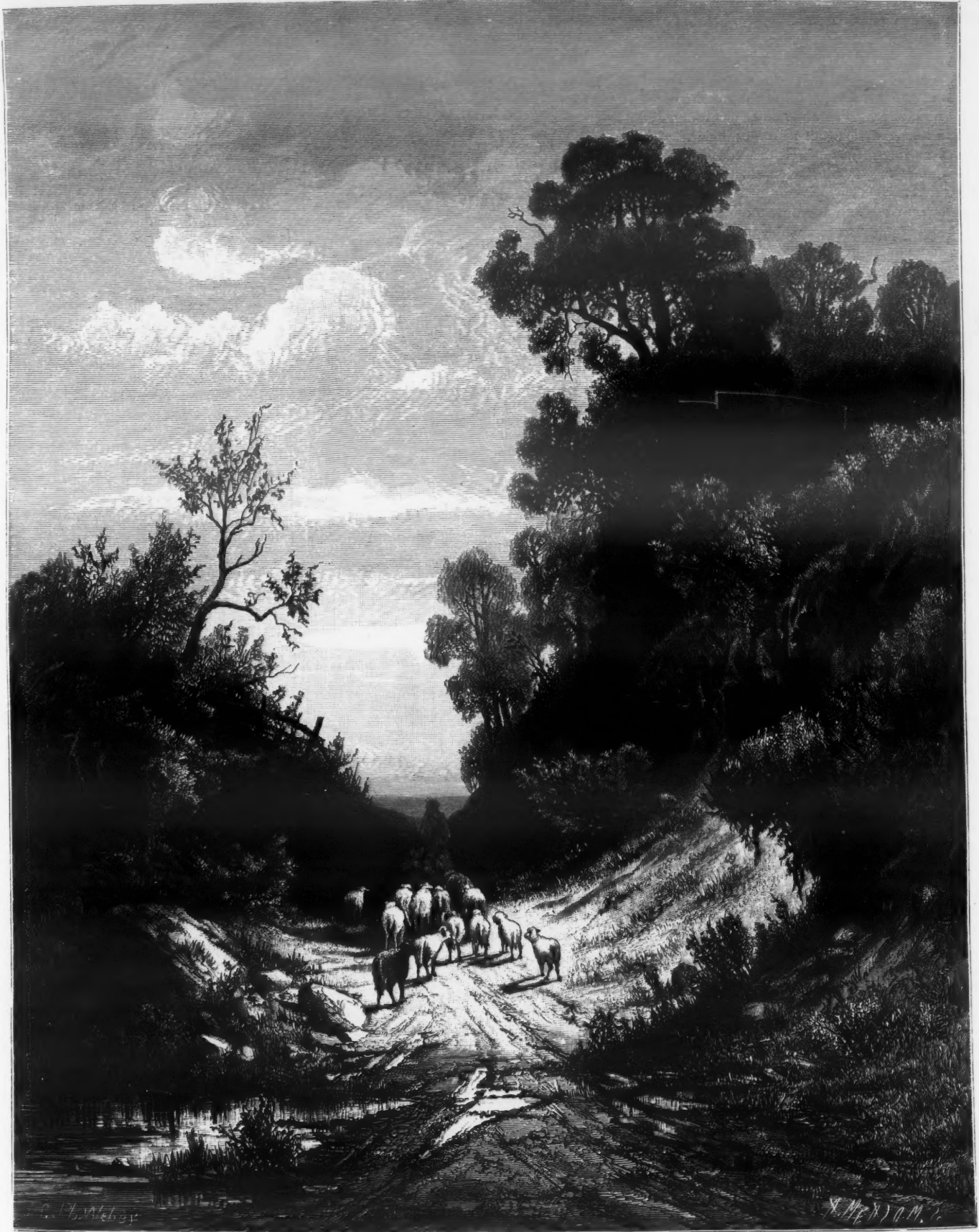
PICTURESQUE EUROPE.

NEUMUEHLEN, ON THE RIVER ELBE.

FEW more pleasing pictures are to be found, in a long search, than that with which the distinguished marine painter, E. Oesterley, Jr., supplies us, in the view of Neumuehlen, lying on the river Elbe, not far from Altona, and only a short distance from the great German sea-port of Hamburg. Though by no means numerous as to inhabitants, Neumuehlen (in English, "New Mills") is one of the most beautiful spots on that celebrated river, has many of the handsome residences of the Hamburgers who wish to find rurality without going far from their business-centre, and in the summer is one of the favorite bathing-places of that whole section of North Germany (as the wheeled bathing-machines, in the picture, give abundant evidence). An exceedingly fine glimpse is this of the wooded heights of the Elbe, with the rural hamlet and some of the mills proper for the name, in the foreground; the boats and beach-loitering of the summer so well displayed, yet nearer to the spectator; and in the distance the shipping of the port of Altona filling up the background, and blending the rural and the practical as they are not often blended in art, but as they very often come into juxtaposition in the real world of strange blendings and equally odd opposites. Decidedly, the Hamburgers and Altonians have a very pretty little "Staten Island," with a dash of the "Coney Island" to give it a flavor, in Neumuehlen; and decidedly this noble representation does the theme full justice.

FOLDING THE FLOCK.

We have heretofore given illustrations of the picturesque and interesting old city of Nurnberg, or Nuremberg, as we know it. "Folding the Flock" represents a scene in the vicinity of that ancient town, and gives a characteristic incident of the rural life of the



FOLDING THE FLOCK. — C. P. WEBER.

neighborhood. The original painting, by Weber, was studied in 1872, and is now in the gallery of the Nuremberg Museum; but the painter has followed the example of many others, and has made his home in America. His studio is on Chestnut Street, above Thirteenth, Philadelphia. The transcription of this picture was made by the hand of the artist, and the full value of the original is reproduced, so far as it is possible to give color and substance in black and white. How far that is possible, only those who will take the trouble to examine a good print closely and carefully as its merit deserves, can be aware.

The worth of this work, aside from its representative interest, will be found in its purity and delicacy of sentiment. The ideas engendered by the incident of the piece — taking home the sheep at nightfall — are ingeniously made dominant throughout the com-

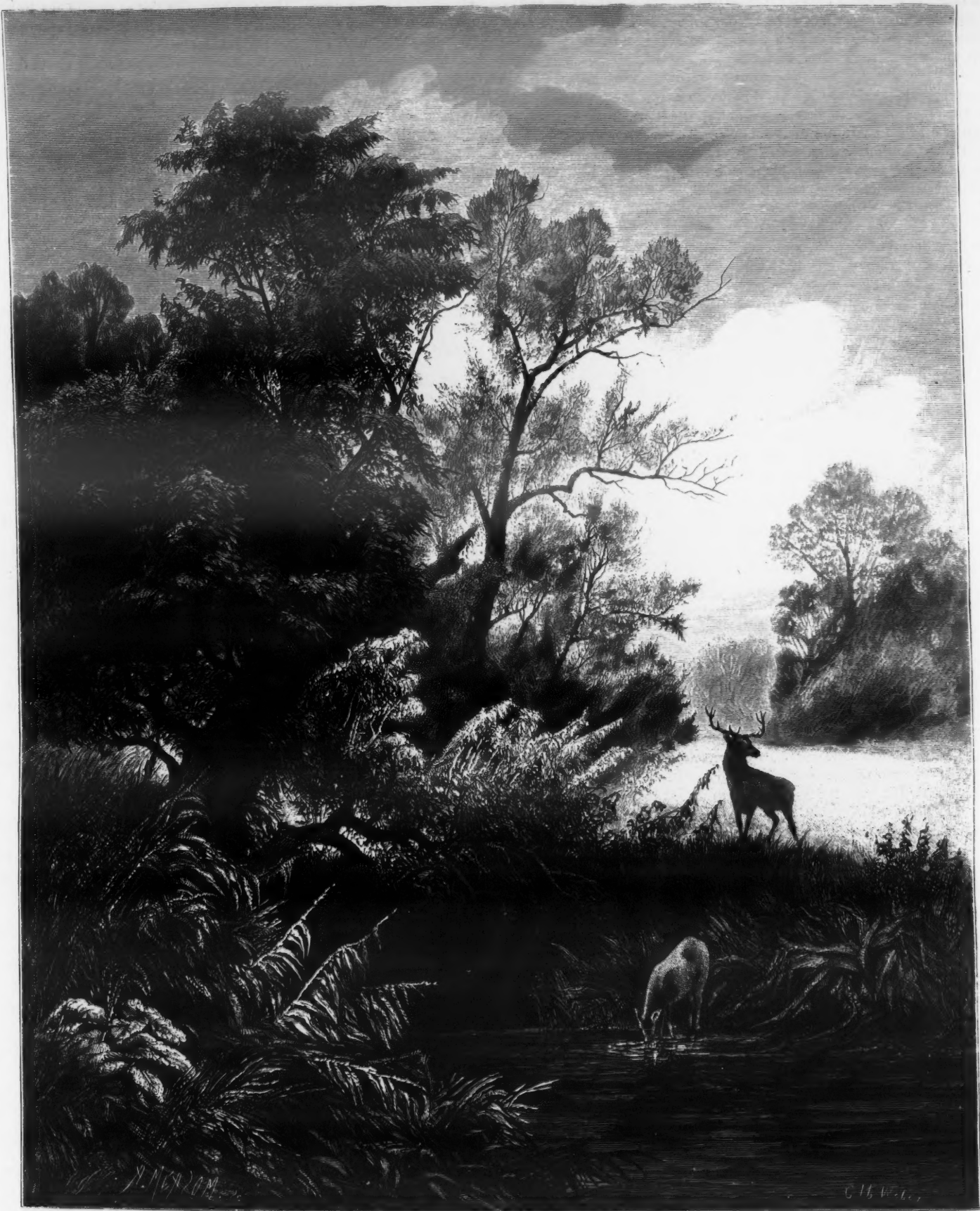
position, harmonizing the features of the landscape and the few accessory details, so that all contribute to confirm the intended impression. It will be observed that the means employed are very simple and truthful. There is no meretricious striving after dramatic effects: a faithful study of a country lane, with a few sheep following an old peasant, is all we see, and yet the picture makes plain a touching and tender meaning. It will be remembered that some of the most impressive lessons of the Scriptures are conveyed by use of the humble figure here portrayed — that of the careful and faithful shepherd.

HENBACH PARK.

The region included by the boundaries of Thuringia and the Franconian division of Bavaria, is the heart of the river system of Eastern Europe. Within this

comparatively small area arise important tributaries of the Rhine and the Elbe, flowing northward and westward, and of the mighty Danube, flowing southward and eastward; the water-ways extending from this centre through Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and the German Empire, and through Austria, Turkey and Southwestern Russia. An elevated country, studded with hills and mountains; traversed by irregular winding valleys; abounding in springs and threaded by brooks and streams; belted by broad areas of original forest, and enriched with green pasture lands and sunny farms.

The Franconian highlands of Bavaria are penetrated by the Main and its branches, the Rother Main extending eastward even into Bohemia. Above Frankfurt, the Main is comparatively little known to tourists, the ordinary guide-book routes seldom reaching



A PARK SCENE. — C. P. WEBER.

to Aschaffenburg. And yet the Upper Main is one of the most beautiful rivers in Europe. Every element of the picturesque is found in its scenery: pretty villages, placid meadows, grand old woods, romantic dells with sparkling cascades, overhanging rocks, and its natal mountains in the Frankenwald.

The general course of the Main is from east to west. But after receiving the Saale it turns sharply southward to the borders of Baden; then, bending at right angles, it flows through the enchanted land of Odin's Woods—still called the Odenwald—here forming the boundary between Baden and Lower Franconia; then, making another right angle, it returns to about its former line. Thus the river forms three sides of a square, including the district once known as Spessart.

A goodly portion of this territory is now occupied, as it has been for centuries, by Henbach Park, the

hereditary *residence* of the Fürst von Löwenstein. The park extends some three miles along the river, and, with the fine old *schloss* in the midst, affords a noble example of the princely homesteads held by the minor royalty of the German Empire. We, in America, have nothing like these lordly estates, entailed for hundreds of years in one family; each generation improving in wealth, culture and taste, and each finding their dearest object in preserving, adorning and enriching the home of their fathers and of their children. Such a home is Henbach Park. The natural beauties and advantages of the situation must have originally attracted the Princes of Löwenstein-Wertheim; and during their uninterrupted possession of the domain, all that art could accomplish, with ample means and ages of time in which to work, has been added to charm the eye and delight the heart. That art has

been required to aid without subordinating nature, the scene delineated by Mr. Weber will prove. The picture gives a first impression of freedom and remoteness from human habitations, more in accordance with ideas of our own Western wildernesses than an ancient seat of the most refined civilization.

The location pictured is evidently a drinking-place for the deer of the park, immediately on the bank of the Main, looking toward the river. The time is early morning of an autumnal day. A morning mist is rising from the water, and the light is diffused from the level rays of the newly risen sun. The renderings of color would perhaps only be appreciated by an artist's eye, but the suggestions of autumn are plainly given in the seasoned appearance of the foliage and the weather-worn air of the carefully studied herbage in the foreground. The stag, standing alert while his

doe is taking her matutinal draught, seems to scent the not very alarming approach of a keeper, or a group of children out from the *schloss* for a morning walk. This hint, and the forester's care shown in the pruning of the old willow, are the only indications given of man's dominion over this scene of natural beauty; but slight as these intimations are, they suffice to impart a human interest to the charming rural solitude. The original of this beautiful picture was in Mr. Weber's studio at a late date, and may probably remain there, open to the inspection of visitors, for a brief period.

THE DOLOMITE MONTE CRISTALLO.

Perhaps the most remarkable scattered group of mountains (not to say an absolute chain), in any country upon earth, is to be found in what are known as "The Dolomites," a part of the Tyrolean or Eastern Alps, occupying a considerable portion of that romantic land so often employing the pencil of the artist, and possibly coming nearer to puzzling hopelessly the naturalists as to some of the peculiarities and probabilities of their construction, than any others of those mighty excrescences similarly studding the earth's surface, and affording so much of wonder mixed with admiration. The Dolomite country is literally passed through, though most passengers are more or less oblivious of the fact—in going, by the Brenner Railway, from Innsbruck to Trient (Trent), on the way to Verona and the other Italian cities. Something like one hundred square miles of territory are included in what may be called the "system;" and a large part of this is connected with the Eisack River and its branches, which so many will remember as being passed between Sterzing and Franzensfeste, on that road. Indeed, it may be considered that Franzensfeste is as near as any other point to being the centre of the "system"—undoubtedly alone on the earth in many particulars; and instructed eyes, on the Brenner line of travel, will sometimes see at a distance the tops of peaks so differently shaped from anything else known, as to convey to them the crystal reminder, while others may merely think the appearances those of snow thinly scattered on very singular rocks, or oddly dealt with by the sun. The rocks themselves are the snow, meanwhile, in most instances—the peculiarity of the Dolomite mountains being to thrust up into the air rough and ragged crystals, quite as white as ice in the sun, and often white as the virgin snow, with a prodigality bewildering even to the most scientific. The highest of these peaks is Marmolata (the name derived from the same root as "marble"), indicative of its whiteness—with an altitude of 11,000 feet; but the mountain usually considered the most strangely beautiful of the whole, is that given in our engraving—Monte Cristallo ("Crystal Mountain"), much lower in altitude, but matchlessly fine in the serrated peaks so well indicated by the name, exhibiting a range of crystals to which even those shown in museums as "the largest in the world," are the merest pigmy playthings. A capital idea of these irregular but true crystals of such magnitude, is conveyed by the drawing of Heyn, with the glacier, the black Bopena peak, and other features connected with it, and combining to make up what is undoubtedly the greatest absolute curiosity in geology belonging to any mountain range on the globe.

CASTLE WEIERBERG, AUSTRIAN TYROL.

Coming up the wild and picturesque left bank of the Inn, between Kufstein and Innsbruck (the latter generally well remembered as the capital of the Tyrol), a fine and notable old castle is encountered not far from the capital, and so nearly at the foot of one of the monarch snow-mountains that at the first glance it seems to stand on one of its foot-hills—a castle not large, but odd, even in a land famous for oddity in architecture, and quite as full of beauty as of queeriness in the construction of its overhanging towers and square pepper-box turrets. This castle, peeping out from its embowering trees, and commanding more admiration than many much larger structures, is Castle Weierberg, originally, as is believed, erected as a hunting-tower by one of the earlier kings, and afterward built upon to give it something more

than its first size and convenience, to serve as a residence instead of a mere halting-place. It may almost be said that nothing is known, beyond legendary lore, of the building of this fine old castle, or its early occupations; the little really ascertained being that in the 15th century, at or about 1470, it was the property of the opulent and popular landgrave, Christian Taniel, who also at that time held the much larger and more powerful stronghold, Castle Tratzberg,—and who, being in a condition to bargain with princes, sold Weierberg to the Archduke Sigismund, as a hunting-seat for that imperial magnate. It needs scarcely be said, that having once fallen into the hands of the reigning family, it has so remained—one of the smaller but by no means one of their least notable possessions in the wildly beautiful Tyrol.

VENETIAN GLASS: A ROMANCE OF TWO CITIES.

*Pourquoi sur ces flots où s'élance
d'espérance,
Ne voit-on que le souvenir*

Revenir? — ALFRED DE MUSSET.

It was October, and the banks of the Hudson were glowing with ruddy richness. With her wand of fire, Autumn had touched the yellow maples, and they had burst into flame. Like a ribbon of blue, the river, girt by reddened banks, rose and fell, flowing beneath the tall Catskills and washing the bending shores of West Point, under the shadow of old Fort Putnam. From the government-landing to Cozzens' Dock, every tree had donned its war-paint, as if in anticipation of the bare winter, when it would stand naked, waving its tomahawks as though threatening the cold gray sky. High on the hill above the dock rose Cozzens' Hotel, with its broad piazzas extending on every side.

It was the height of the season at the Point, and the hotel was nearly full. A certain set of New York fashionables go a regular round every summer: From Manhattan Island to migrate to the Vermilion Hotel at Sharon Springs; on the first of August they leave for Saratoga; on the fifteenth day of the said month they are in Newport; while the end of September finds them at Cozzens' Hotel, West Point. There was the usual assortment of boarders—excuse me—of guests, at the hotel that year. There were two or three "first families," and two or three "prominent citizens." There were two engaged couples, whereof the males remained immersed in business every day, returning every afternoon in the *Mary Powell*, in time for tea and moonlight walks to the summer-house. There were half-a-dozen young ladies just catching, and half-a-dozen more just recovering from, the cadet fever, as they call the temporary affection the ladies feel for the boys in buttons, soon to be boys in blue. There were two young men from the junior class of Columbia College, cramming for the Greek prize and rowing a pair-oar shell in the hope of deserving a place in the college crew at the next annual regatta; thus combining brains and muscle, as is now the practice at that ancient institution. In short, the hotel was so nearly full that perhaps the clerk was justified in the supercilious snort with which he handed you the key of No. 999, on the fourth floor. But many as the people were, Mrs. Hone Dee could have something to say about each and all of them: who they were, who they had been, and who their grandfathers had been, in case they possessed such venerable luxuries as grandfathers. Of course you know Mrs. Hone Dee? Everybody does! and she knows everybody and almost everything. She is Paul Pry in petticoats. She is Mrs. Grundy in the flesh. She is a walking directory of fashionable New York—almost equal to Brown. She was fair, fat and fortified with a proper pride in her ancestry: she sometimes intimated that from one of her progenitors Dey Street had derived its name. There was supposed to be, or to have been, a Mr. Hone Dee, but few people had ever seen him—and at best he was only Mrs. Hone Dee's husband.

On this evening in early October, surrounded by a few elderly ladies of similar proclivities, Mrs. Hone

Dee was seated in that corner of the broad piazza of Cozzens' Hotel which was always appropriated to and by the Tabbies.

[N. B. From the dictionary of the future:

TABBY, *n.* (Either from the Gr. *Taβiθα* or the Old Eng. *tabby*, colloquial for a fem. cat.)

1. A chaperone, a matron.
2. An old woman given to scandal.

P. S. It seems unjust that they never call aged and scandal-loving bachelors Old Toms.]

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Hone Dee, in reply to a question from one of the—well, one of the Tabithas, "I know they arrived this afternoon. I saw the names on the books, Mrs. Vane, Miss Vane, Miss Marion Vane and two maids. They came down on the *Vibbard*."

"They say Edith—the elder sister—has fretted a good deal since her engagement was broken off—with young Bright—you know."

"Is Marion engaged yet?"

"Well, I really don't know," hesitated Mrs. Hone Dee. "Perhaps there is nothing in it! but she did flirt desperately with Mr. Manning at Saratoga."

"Oh, yes," inserted another, "everybody was talking about it at Newport."

"But I really don't know whether it will ever come to anything," added Mrs. Hone Dee, "for—"

"Who is this Mr. Manning?" asked a recent addition to the galaxy.

"What—don't you know?" cried Mrs. Hone Dee, with just a slight tinge of contempt for the other's ignorance in her voice. Not noticing the arrival before the hotel piazza of the omnibus from the dock, she then continued with the keen delight of the surgeon in having a new subject for dissection—pardon me—for discussion: "He's a very rich man—a Bostonian, I think; and he has been in Europe for several years. I believe he has invented something or written something. I forget what. He is a widower, you know, and they say he has been very unhappy since his wife died. You have heard of her, of course?"

"No!"

"No? Well, she was insane. I believe she died in an asylum somewhere near New York. It is a sad story, and it is very hard to get all the particulars."

Let us do Mrs. Hone Dee the justice of saying that whatever details she was unable to discover, she was quite capable of inventing.

A tall, dark man, who had just stepped out on the piazza from the office, caught sight of Mrs. Hone Dee, and stepped toward her as she continued:

"So Mr. Manning is now a widower, and rich, and he is rather a handsome man—just the sort of man all these silly young girls like, and—"

The gentleman paused in front of her chair, and said, with a bow:

"Good evening, Mrs. Dee!"

And Mrs. Hone Dee looked up startled, and then shook hands with the stranger, saying:

"Mr. Manning! How are you? When did you arrive? How long are you going to stay?"

"I am very well, thank you; I have just this minute arrived; and I do not know how long I am going to stay."

"And I was just talking about you, too! How strange!" said Mrs. Hone Dee. Then she added, slyly, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, you know!"

"And rarely of any one else either, in these back-biting days, Mrs. Dee," said Mr. Manning. "You remember Sir Arthur Helps' definition of scandal, as given by a little charity-school girl?"

"No—what is it?"

"'Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere!'"

"Excellent!" And Mrs. Hone Dee really laughed. She always enjoyed severe things against other people; and she often declared she hated scandal.

"You must tell me who is here, Mrs. Dee. You see I come to you first. You always have the news."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, Mr. Manning; there are no pretty girls here. Gomorrah was destroyed for want of three good men, you know; and



THE VIRGIN, THE INFANT JESUS AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—AFTER BOUGUEREAU.

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if three beautiful women would save West Point, I'm afraid it would have to go!"

"Certainly there must be two more, Mrs. Dee!" said John Manning, gallantly, adding mentally: "The old gorgon!"

"You will excuse my rising and bowing?" laughingly replied Mrs. Hone Dee, delighted in her heart of hearts to have the whole "tabby" corner hear the rich and handsome Mr. Manning complimenting her. "Oh, I forgot," she added, a second or two after; "a friend of yours—a very pretty girl, too—arrived this afternoon."

"And who is she?"

"Miss Marion Vane!"

"Your room is ready, sir!" said an office-boy to Mr. Manning. So he bowed to Mrs. Hone Dee, and, without answering, followed the boy.

"Didn't I tell you so?" asked Mrs. Hone Dee.

"Didn't I say he would be here?" Mrs. Hone Dee had not said so—but probably she thought she had. "The Vane's arrive in the afternoon, and John Manning comes here in the evening. I suppose it will be a match!"

"When did his wife die?" asked one.

"I don't remember—three or four years ago, I think; but of course they won't be married before next spring!"

And here the gong for tea cut short Mrs. Hone Dee's further observations.

In less than two hours after that, Mr. John Manning was walking up and down the piazza with Miss Marion Vane on his arm.

Mrs. Hone Dee was at least partly right: John Manning was in love with Marion Vane. He had only discovered it himself when it was too late. He knew his danger; he saw the abyss over which he was hanging, and he felt himself powerless. He had struggled with his heart in vain. For the first time in his life his will was weak: and he had resolved that it should be the last. His story once told—whatever might be the answer—he would go. He was no silly boy following the fancy of a moment—he was a man: a tall, dark, handsome man, with a sinewy frame and a quick eye. He had been born to a fortune, and, strange to say, it had not spoiled him. Most young Americans are taught how to earn money and not how to spend it. At an early age, lord of himself, he had not found it a heritage of woe. He had devoted his youth to self-culture, and his mind was stored with the preserved fruits of years of travel. He had volunteered during the war, and had rapidly risen from the ranks to the grade of captain; but there was nothing of the soldier about him—at least, not of that blatant "guardsman" type which very young ladies so much admire. He did not affect muscular paganism; although he veiled the warmth of his feelings beneath a veneer, a mere varnish of skepticism.

Miss Marion Vane, the younger daughter of Chauncey Vane, the rich New York banker, was a lovely girl. No description could do her justice. With but a bucketful of clear water, the gipsy will show the face of the beautiful girl you are to marry; with but a single drop of ink at the end of my pen, I confess myself unable to bring before you Marion Vane. Perhaps her greatest charm was a certain indescribable gracefulness; perhaps it was her hair—looking like sunshine and moonbeams blended; it was of that curious color the French call *cendrée*, as though silver ashes had been sifted upon it through a golden sieve.

John Manning marveled at her loveliness as they walked slowly up and down the bending piazza. His heart was full of longing love, but his face was calm, as he lightly chatted with his companion.

"Yes, Miss Marion, I had to leave Saratoga. I was ignominiously driven forth by the noise and the crowd. Like the lady in the legend, I find I have music wherever I go, although I dislike having rings on my fingers, and hate having bells on my toes."

"You don't like dancing, then?"

"On the contrary, I like it very much—on the stage."

"Mrs. Hone Dee would be shocked if she heard you!"

"Mrs. Hone Dee is an angel!—may she be happy

in Paradise. I scarcely think she will be, though; for I don't suppose the angels talk scandal and criticise the way in which other angels wear their feathers!"

"Oh, Mr. Manning!" and Miss Marion Vane laughed a cheerful, ringing laugh, "I'm shocked at your wickedness. Besides, Mrs. Hone Dee is a very nice old lady."

"So she is; but she never stops talking. She talks as much as Macaulay, without his brilliant flashes of silence. I have, I confess, a great fondness for hearing myself talk; but with her I never even have a chance to get a word in edgeways."

"Perhaps you could if the word were only sharp enough. But she does chatter. She goes on at me sometimes until I almost wish—"

"That she would go off? Exactly. She is a verbal *mitrailleuse*—a conversational Gatling—firing forty rounds to the minute."

"H-s-s-s-h! Here she is!"

And Mrs. Hone Dee passed them just in time to hear John Manning remark: "Beautiful night, isn't it, Miss Marion?"

"Lovely! The moonlight gilds the river so gloriously. A friend of mine at boarding-school, who wrote poems, used to call the moonbeams 'liquid poetry!'"

"Do you like poetry? Of course you do—and so do I. But not the smooth sentimentality of Longfellow, the sweet-scented stanzas of Tennyson, the milk-and-water melody of Morris, or the brandy-and-water harshness of Browning; but something grander, nobler—something like this, for instance." And Manning smiled, as, watching her closely, he quoted magniloquently this single stanza of a college poem:

"Life, young man, is only
A slippery sheet of ice:
No girls there, it's lonely;
One girl there, it's nice!"

"How absurd!" laughed Miss Marion, half hurt at the idea that he had ridiculed her sentimental reminiscence.

"Do you think so? I call it sublime!" His words were light and trifling, but his eyes watched her closely and noted the slight change in her face. They had stopped in their walk to look at the moonbeams playing on the silent river, silvering the dim sail of a tacking sloop, and lighting the white form of a throbbing steamboat. By a happy accident of frequent occurrence at Cozzens', some one had turned out the jet of gas above them. John Manning drew up two chairs, and they sat down in silence. Something had drawn away the other promenaders, and they were left almost alone. The shriek of a locomotive whistle, and the rattling reverberation of a train as it rushed from the tunnel across the river, smote their ears with a sense of incongruity. All else was so quiet. At last John Manning broke the silence.

"What a rest this seems here, Miss Marion, so far away from the turmoil of life."

"I saw such a pretty Arabic proverb about life, in the paper to-day."

"What was it?"

"Life is composed of two parts: the future, a wish; the past, a dream!"

"My past was a nightmare! and my future is indeed a wish—for I dare not hope!"

She said nothing, but looked at him with sympathetic wonder in her eyes.

"Miss Marion—may I tell you a story?—may I tell you part of the history of my life?"

She noted the earnestness in his eyes, and she yearned to have him confide in her. Her voice trembled a little in spite of her efforts, as she answered gayly, "Why, of course, Mr. Manning, I shall be delighted."

"It may not be interesting—and yet I think the time has come when I must tell you—when I can no longer keep silent. It will explain anything in my conduct toward you that may have appeared at all strange. Pardon my vehemence, but I am not always master of myself. I have suffered—I do suffer—and I am a hopeless man! Hopeless—because I love you!—and because I can not ask you to be my wife!"

Marion Vane's heart gave a bound, then it sank.

Rapidly, almost in spite of himself, John Manning continued:

"Believe me, Miss Marion, I only discovered my love when it was too late. I fought with myself. I tried to conquer my unhappy passion—all in vain! I love you—and it would be far better for me if I were free to come and offer myself to you and to be rejected, than to live the chained, wearing, unhealthy life I do now. I do not deserve consideration from you. I have followed you. I have pressed myself upon you when I had no right—when I was bond and not free. Perhaps I may not be indifferent to you—to think that I am not is at once happiness and misery."

He paused—and she knew not what to say, for she loved him, and she knew he loved her. And yet it was hopeless. Why? Vainly seeking for the answer, her thoughts were broken by his voice.

"Let me tell you the story. It is long, but perhaps it is not uninteresting."

She leaned back and listened. As the wind swayed the boughs, the moonbeams sifted through the branches and fell on her hair, bathing her head in molten silver.

Reading permission to proceed, in her attitude of silent attention, John Manning began to speak rapidly. As his thoughts dwelt on the past, his voice acquired a sarcastic tone, which deepened as he proceeded:

"In October, 1859, I was in Venice, doing it in the regular routine Ruskin red-Murray style, like the traditional tourist. Man—even an American—in-sensibly becomes lazy in the *dolce far niente* climate of Italy, and more especially in Venice,

"Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau
Mourir la pâle Adriatique,"

as De Musset says. One golden autumn day, leaving queenly Venice basking in Ziem-like splendor, I let my gondolier take me over to Murano. I had just read of the tradition which declares that at that famed factory of Venetian glass there had once been made goblets of such fineness and fragility that they shivered to atoms when poison was poured therein. To my surprise, upon hesitatingly asking one of the men if any of this fabled workmanship had been preserved, he at once showed me a large wine glass, supported by a stem formed of two twisted green serpents. Seeing that I admired it, the fellow declared that it was over three hundred years old, and the sole remaining relic of an art long lost. Then he told me the legend—for of course there was a legend.

"It seems that in the 16th century, twin brothers, heirs of the name, fame and wealth of the powerful Manin family, had ordered two of these wondrous goblets, warranted to detect any poison. These two goblets were to be exactly alike—and of them the one I held in my hand was the survivor. While they were making, the Manin family became involved in a feud. When the first of the goblets was finished, it was taken to Marco Manin, the elder of the twins. A few hours after its arrival, one of his servants filled it with wine and handed it to him. As he raised it to his lips it shivered to pieces, staining the stone floor with the poisoned wine. Drawing his sword, Marco Manin slew the faithless servant, and, rushing from the palace, he met the man whom he suspected of having instigated the attempt on his life. Hot words passed, and five minutes after he was lying on the stones of the street, wounded unto death. Holding his dying brother's hand, Daniele Manin promised to avenge the blow. The family of the murderer was powerful, and Daniele Manin prepared for flight. Twenty-four hours, to a minute, after the death of Marco Manin, on the same spot, from a similar wound, his assassin lay dying. Daniele Manin was never again seen in Venice. When the second goblet was finished there was no one to receive it; so it remained on the island.

"The workman, who held the goblet in his hand and called on me to admire the vivid glowing green of the serpents, knew nothing more. He had told me the legend as he had heard it—that was all. But it happened that I was able to complete the fable. I knew the name of Manin. A descendant of the younger branch of the family had been the president

of the revived Venetian republic of 1848. I had spent part of the previous winter in Holland, building up, so far as possible, the branching genealogical tree of my own family. In the course of my investigations, I frequently met the name of Manin, and I had noted its similarity to my own. Therefore, when I heard this Venetian legend, I knew that the disappearing Daniele Manin had emigrated to one of the hardy Dutch towns with which maritime Venice was then beginning to have commercial relations. There he had settled and married. In the year 1620, one of his descendants had gone to America, to New Amsterdam, capital town of the New Netherlands, then under Governor Van Twiller. When the English, fifty years later, took the town and changed its name to New York, the descendant of Daniele Manin followed their example and changed his name to Manning."

Miss Vane looked up astonished. "Are you descended from Daniele Manin, the man who owned the goblet?"

"Possibly! And if so I am now the sole survivor of the race. The fabulous relationship which might exist between us gave me a desire to own that cup. I was told that no sum would buy it. I thought differently. The superintendent of the factory was absent. I attacked the subordinate, I brought forward my reserves, and finally I conquered. I left Venice with the goblet of Daniele Manin in my trunk."

"Shortly after I arrived in New York, Fort Sumter was fired at. A few weeks later I was on duty in the field. In the Second Battle of Bull Run I was wounded and taken prisoner. When I was exchanged, three months later, I was broken down by disease and starvation."

I reached Washington, and remained in one of its hospitals for six months. During that long illness I was nursed by a woman—an angel of mercy, I thought her. As she watched over and waited on me, I wondered at her marvelous beauty. When the surgeon discharged me as cured, we were married."

Instinctively Marion Vane drew back. She still listened attentively. The attitude was the same, but there was an indescribable alteration.

John Manning noted it, and his voice grew sterner and more solemn, as he continued:

"We had made a mistake, and before a month we

had both discovered it. My wife did not love me; she had married me for my money. I did not love her; I had merely been blinded by her beauty. Still we lived together harmoniously, if not happily. After we had been married about six or seven months, I noticed that my wife was a little queer. Her conduct was at times peculiar. She often avoided me."

John Manning paused for a second, drew a long breath, and then continued rapidly:

poor pets had poisoned themselves by eating ratsbane, accidentally left exposed. But on inquiry I learned that there was no arsenic or other poison in the house. I did not then suspect the truth. I had no time to think more of it, for the next day my wound was so much worse that the doctor ordered me to bed. He prescribed cooling medicines, and requested me to keep my mind active and amused. He knew that my wife had had experience in nursing me. For two

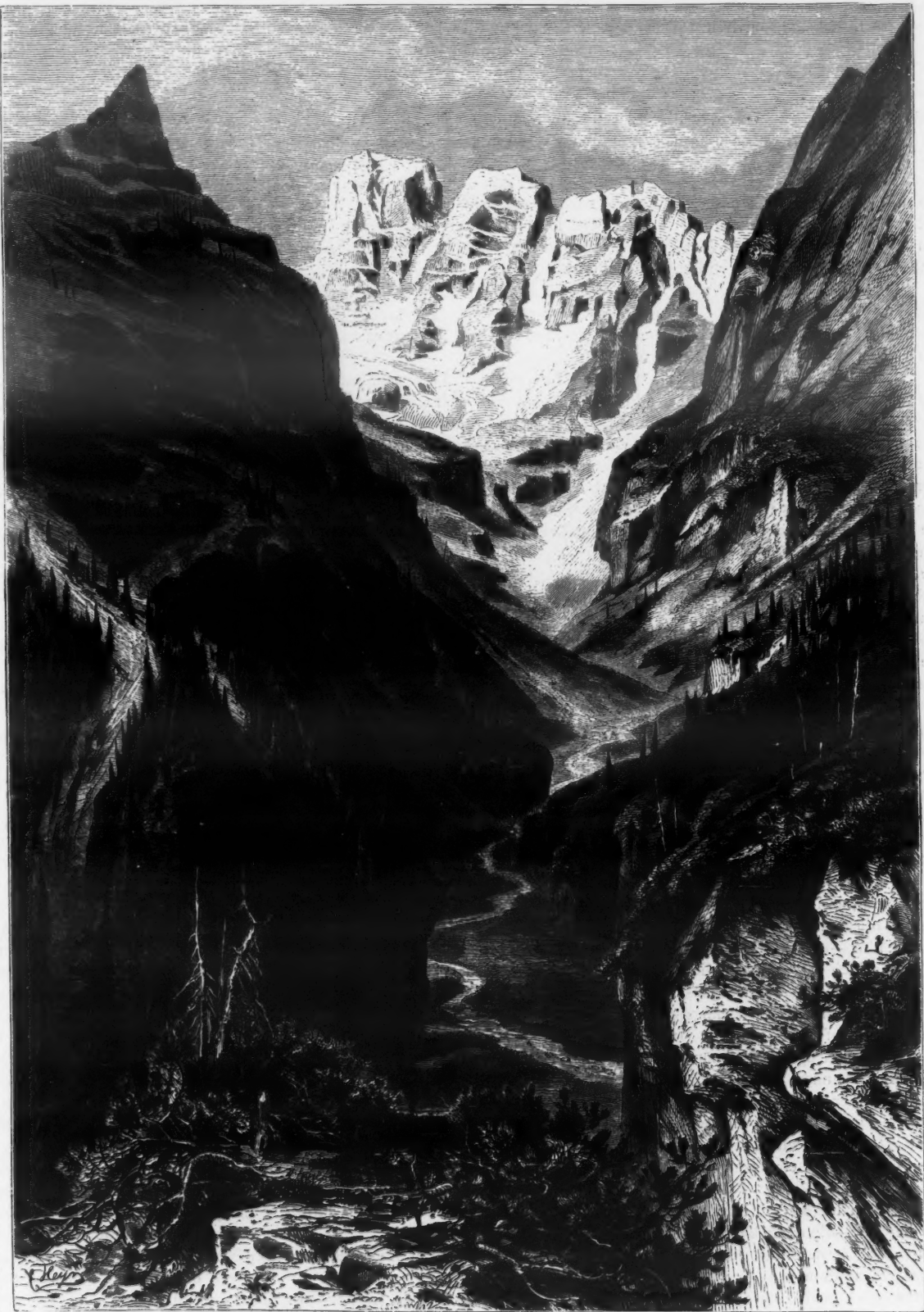
weeks she devoted herself to me; she became once more the vigilant and untiring companion she had been before we were married. She seemed like her old self. So careful was her nursing, that in two weeks the doctor declared me convalescent. While my wife was reading to me that afternoon, my eye fell on the case containing the goblet of Venetian glass. When she had finished the chapter, I asked her to bring it to me. She did so, and I carefully unpacked it. This was the work of some minutes, for the Venetians are very skillful packers. When the delicate, wavy glass was in my hand, my wife was delighted. She had never seen anything of the kind before, and she was capable of appreciating its beauty. She wanted to know where I got it, and I told her the story as I have told you. She listened eagerly. I had noted, before, that tales of the horrible had a morbid fascination for her. At last, after exhausting all epithets of praise, my wife suggested my taking my medicine in it. Jestingly I asked her if she thought Dr. Cheever was trying to poison me, since she desired to, put his prescription to the test. Smiling, she answered lightly that she disliked the doctor, but that she did not fear his attempting to poison me.

While she was speaking, the clock struck; the hour for taking my medicine had arrived. Bringing the bottle from the next room, she slowly poured the dark fluid into the glass goblet of Daniele Manin."

"And did it break?"

"As she handed it to me, I noticed a strange expression in her eye. I held out my hand for the goblet; but as my fingers were about to clasp it, the glass slipped from her grasp and shattered itself to shivers!"

"My wife started violently as the goblet fell; then glancing at the broken glass and gazing steadily at me for a few seconds, she said slowly, 'Poison! poison!'"



THE DOLOMITE MOUNTAIN, MONTE CRISTALLO. — E. HEYN.

And the glass broke !' Then she gave a shriek and fainted, as the doctor entered the room.

"She was right. There was poison in the goblet of Venetian glass—and she was the poisoner. But she was guilty of no crime. You have heard of innocent and unfortunate people who have an irresistible desire to steal. They are not thieves, but monomaniacs. So was my wife. She had a mania for poisoning, which had developed itself unsuspected. She was insane on that one subject. But such a shock to her system was too much for her enfeebled brain to bear, especially at a time when a new life and new duties were before her. When the doctor succeeded in bringing her out of the fainting-fit, she was no longer in her right mind. She did not recognize me. She was mad; and for years she has been one of the inmates of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane."

John Manning's story was finished, but Marion Vane yet said nothing.

"Miss Marion," he continued, at last, "you have heard me. You now know why I am hopeless. Do you pity me?"

She did not reply; and he waited for no answer, adding hurriedly:

"I only know I love you, Marion! I know it is a sin. I only hope you do not love me! And yet I should be very miserable if I thought you cared nothing for me. You see I am a selfish wretch! I have nothing to offer you. I can only love you at a distance. I have sinned in daring to be with you—for then I could not help loving. Forgive my folly. And when I am gone—forget me!"

Marion Vane said nothing.

"Good-bye, Marion! Good-bye, perhaps forever!"

He seized her hand, raised it reverently and kissed it. Then he left her, sitting alone in the moonlight. The river flowed silently far down below, and the monotonous hum of the katydids swelled the dull chorus.

In the course of the following day, Mrs. Hone Dee discovered that John Manning had left West Point. Why? And where had he gone?

"I really don't understand it!" confessed Mrs. Hone Dee to the congenial group of tabbies. "I don't see why he should go away at all, unless he has proposed and been refused. And I'm sure that's it."

And Mrs. Hone Dee's opinion was shared by her hearers, and seemed to be confirmed two days later by

the presence of the name of John Manning in the list of passengers for Liverpool in the *Scotia*. Mrs. Hone Dee showed it to the scandalous college, and they all made appropriate comments thereon. Several, indeed, pretended to possess exclusive information as to his departure, which they communicated to each other under the pledge of secrecy. "Lying is not taxed," says the Spanish proverb. If it were, the payment of the national debt would be hastened.

However, Mrs. Hone Dee and her friends had more

One month after the publication of this notice, John Manning returned to America.

One year later, on New Year's morning, Mrs. Hone Dee read this paragraph in the papers:

MARRIED.

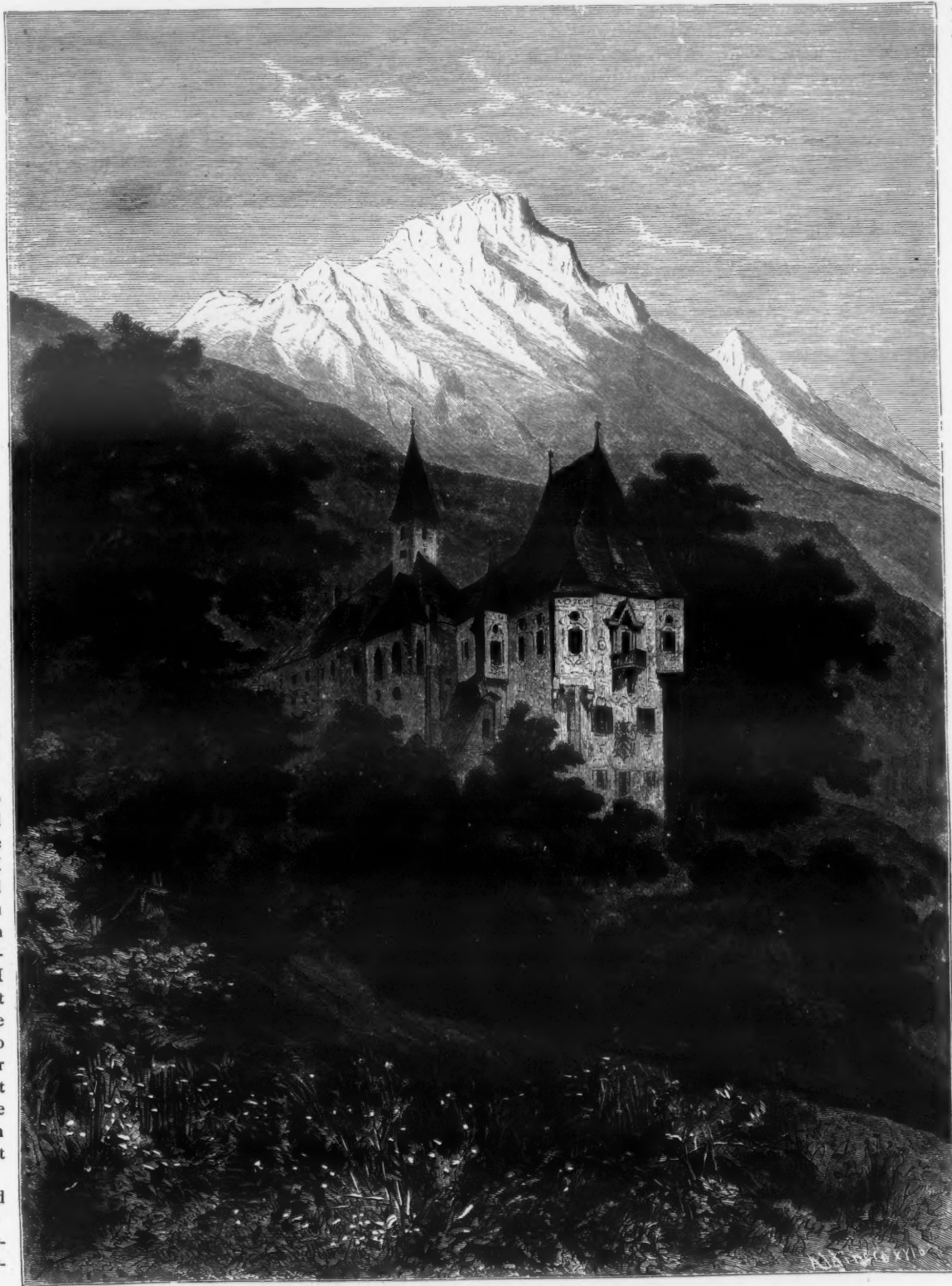
VANE-MANNING.—By the Bishop of New York, at Grace Church, yesterday, Marion, daughter of Chauncey Vane, to John Manning, both of this city.

When the numerous gentlemen who fulfilled their self-imposed duty of visiting as many ladies as possible that cheery New Year's Day, were invited by Mrs.

Hone Dee to try her excellent Maryland eggnog, she had something to talk about besides the weather and the annual decrease in the number of calls. — *Brander Matthews.*

"EVE."

If any one supposes that the whole history of Eve is told in that passage of Holy Writ which describes the Temptation and the fall of Adam and his helpmate, "bringing," as Milton expresses it, "death into the world, with all our woe," then let that person immediately reconsider the supposition. For there are plenty of modern Eves, quite as tempting and tempted as the General Mother, even if by the charming fiend in a less suspicious form than that of the serpent. And there are plenty of apples, too, in a good season—even if no more specimens of that identical pip-pin which played the mischief with the original lady and thus with all her descendants. Our favorite, Bouguereau, from whose pencil so many good things have delighted the world and added a crowning charm to the pages of *THE ALDINE*—has given us a modern "Eve" of much more than the average beauty, and who commands



CASTLE WEIERBERG, AUSTRIAN TYROL.—E. HEYN.

important things to think of than the movements of John Manning, and in a few weeks they had almost forgotten his existence.

For two years he remained in Europe, and for two years Miss Marion Vane led the usual life of the fashionable young ladies of New York. Then, to her great surprise, for she had always supposed John Manning a widower, Mrs. Hone Dee read this paragraph in the morning papers:

DIED.

MANNING.—On Wednesday, December 31st, at the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, Mary Lawson, wife of John Manning, in the 32d year of her age.

the sympathy of the spectator to a degree by no means easy to express. That the apple is a red-cheeked beauty, fair, perfect and exceedingly toothsome—so much is certain. Whence the apple aforesaid has been procured, let us not inquire too closely. Suffice it that the theft, if theft it has been, must have been a very little one—only one apple. For the moment, "Eve" may seem to be in doubt about the eating of that apple: let no unsuspicious observer fall into the trap set by the sweet and unconscious face: she will eat it, beyond a question. Let us hope that she will not suffer too keenly for this pomological experiment that cost her namesake so dearly.

GEMS IN BOHEMIAN GLASS.

THE manufacture of Bohemian glass did the honors, so to speak, of the Austrian division in the Vienna Exposition; and it is justified therein by its position in the past and present of Austrian industry. A person stepping from the rotunda into the eastern nave of the Industrial Hall, was entirely surrounded by this glimmering and flashing material, so exceedingly well adapted for artistic treatment. And with satisfaction may we affirm that, all things considered, the Austrian exhibition of glass proved decided progress in a branch lagging far behind the times. But little use is now made of coloring matter, which deprives the stuff of its transparence, and, with it, of its

The glass vessels made by order of Emperor Francis Joseph were expressly patterned after these, and undeniably constituted the flower of everything the exhibition had to show in the province of ornamental glass manufacture.

When it was determined to open the building of the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry with an exhibition of practical art, the emperor ordered a number of articles for the court, thus giving Austria an opportunity to prove her power of production in those trades there most followed. A table-cloth, a set of plate, a wardrobe, a relief for the throne-seat, and a drinking and dessert service of glass, were required. This latter, several specimens of which are given in the picture accompanying, consists of bottles for water,

glass refinery at Haida, in Bohemia; the glass was made by the firm of Meyr's Nephew, at Adolf, also in Bohemia. Equally perfect is the goldsmith-work on the handles, borderings, etc., by the jeweler and enameler, H. Ratzersdorfer, in Vienna, in whose workshop many a masterly piece has originated in the style of the late *renaissance*, coming to a collector at second or third hand, and paid for in good faith as antique. The drawings for the entire service were made by the architect, Joseph Storck, professor at the School of Industrial Arts in Vienna.

The accompanying picture presents specimens of this service, in the wine-pitcher, the claret-glass, the sugar-bowl with cover, the dessert-plate and the salt-cellar, as most notable among the variety of articles



GEMS IN BOHEMIAN GLASS. — JOSEPH STORCK.

capacity of refracting the rays of light. All the principal factories are engaged in the production of excellent crystalline or colored glass, free from every vicious attribute: ruby-red, cobalt-blue, green in the different gradations from bottle-green to very light. The forms, too, though not always deserving praise, show a struggle in the right direction.

The conversion to crystal-glass necessarily led to the fresh study of a sort of ornamentation nowadays seldom pursued, but nearly three hundred years ago just in its prime in Bohemia. The imperial treasury in Vienna possesses a great many works in rock-crystal, — bowls of all kinds, drinking-cups, vase-like vessels, etc., which are very valuable simply from the quantity of perfect rock-crystal used for each, not to speak of their admirable shape and finish. Especially did Emperor Rudolph II. cause such works to be executed by the Italian and German artists whom he invited to his court.

wine, cordials, — pitchers for wine and beer, — glasses for water, beer, and all the different descriptions of wines, and many other varieties of the modern table-service. All these vessels follow the pure, noble forms of the *renaissance*; the ornamentation consists of engraved arabesques, which are cut out so as to have a red glitter, and of framings, connections, buttons, etc., of gold or gilded silver with enamel. The peculiarity of this cutting is that the roughness and turbidity of the surface of the glass, which arise in the graving, are removed by polish, as is customary with rock-crystal. It is evident that such a labor must be exceedingly difficult and tedious, because of the fineness and delicacy of the ornaments and the proportionate thinness of the material; and the probability is that an entire service has never before been executed in such a manner.

Eisert is the name of the artist who was occupied therewith for almost three years, in J. & L. Lobmeyr's

and so best deserving of attention. These specimens, and the manufacture, are likely to be better understood here, at an early day, thanks to Philadelphia.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

AN ALARM AND AN AWKWARD INTERRUPTION.

THE same fates which had decreed that the exact purport of the papers in the hands of General Lee should never be known to the world, though their tenor might easily be guessed — also decreed that the positions held by that officer and his companions, at the moment when attention has been called to them in the previous chapter, should be of no long continuance after that moment. There was a sound of voices at the door, sufficiently loud to attract the attention of those at the table, and to make the holder of the papers withdraw them from their position and thrust them under the table against which he leaned;

and then, while the indefinable fear of danger from the unknown gave way to quite equal wonder at the known, the landlord of the King-of-Prussia half forced his way into the apartment and up to what seemed naturally the centre of the little gathering.

The traditional Dutchman is stout, and his cousin, the German, is almost equally so, in all relations intended to catch the popular applause by echoing foregone conclusions. Let this chronicle have the distinction of unpopularity, in running counter to all received opinions, and especially in saying, what the tongues of the old soldiers remaining alive fifty years ago would freely have supported—that the landlord of the King-of-Prussia, "old Harman de Vriest," as the broad speakers of the time were fond of calling him before he had reached the age of five-and-forty,—was by no means broad, after the manner of the Hollander or the German, though he blended the blood of both in his anomalous composition.

How that wondrous departure from the received custom of the mixed race could ever have occurred, must remain a mystery, as no doubt it was to the Pennsylvania Dutchman himself—but Herman de Vriest was the very antipodes of the traditional Teuton, and the correspondingly traditional dispenser (and supposably drinker) of beer. At least two inches beyond six feet in height, spare enough to suggest that the width had been drawn in to make up for the length, large handed, larger footed, dark complexioned and hard faced,—the landlord might have stood, half a century later, to Coleridge, as the type of his Ancient Mariner:

— "Long, and dark, and lank,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Those large hands could swing themselves with force on occasion; and those huge feet could kick with something approaching to the energy displayed by one of his own horses in a similar operation, as more than one of the toppers who had carried unpaid scores beyond the bounds of patience, could testify from personal experience in an illegal species of "forcible ejectionment." He was the possessor of plenty of courage, of a certain sort,—yet as destitute of that which could have made him a soldier, as one of the huge back-logs of his great kitchen fire; and the exposition of his political principles, or the want of them, lately made in this connection, shows the unlikelihood of his ever having entered the armed service of either belligerent; so that, indeed, field-fighting was out of the question, and the more of energy remained for the fierce conflicts of home. These conflicts, if tradition went for anything, were not few in number, and all that that phrase would indicate, in character—Frau Annchen de Vriest having all the qualifications for the wife of an eighteenth-century innkeeper, and the landlord being among those who best knew the fact. The son of a Hollandisch father and a Hoch Deutsche mother, and living in the midst of a community blending the patois of one and the other with the ordinary colloquial English of the "world's people" and the "plain language" of the Quakers—it is not strange that Herman de Vriest had become the patron of all the languages thus involved and the master of none—any sentence of twenty words being likely to involve the whole of his lingual acquirements, with a few chance expressions thrown in from the occasional Frenchman and the still lingering Indian.

Something more than the requisite time and space have been consumed in limning the landlord of the King-of-Prussia, from loving recollection of more than one description of him (not always agreeing—let the fact be admitted!) given by those who tipped a little at his bar in the long gone days,—and from the necessity of explaining why, in the few words falling from his lips, the simple English idiom is to be substituted for the expected broken speech of the Dutchman. Some tasks appal even those most confident of their own powers; and any attempt to record the actual phraseology of the mild polyglot of 1778 may well be avoided.

Really, meanwhile, a very brief period had elapsed within the great room of the tavern. In that period Herman de Vriest had forced his way to the table, and

somewhat hurriedly and very excitedly addressed General Lee, who still held the papers under the table, and gave evidence of being annoyed at this sudden interruption.

"Sorry to disturb customers, and good customers," the publican was saying, in effect; "but may be they might be worse disturbed if I minded the orders of your youngster at the door, and stayed out."

"Worse disturbed? Eh, Herman—what do you mean?" was the inquiry of Lee, remarking that the host was really agitated by something that seemed of importance—at least to himself.

"I mean," was the reply, "that there are the sounds of horses' feet on the frozen ground and snow—some hundreds of them, I should think, by the noise, and coming nearer, apparently from two directions. Young Herman, my son, heard them, ran in and told me; and I have thought it best to tell *you*, gentlemen—for who they may be nobody can tell, and they may not be of the right sort for some of you—who knows?"

"Bodies of horse, and coming in two directions!" echoed Lee, rising from the table in an agitation probably not unnatural under all the circumstances, and for the time taking no heed of the papers in his hand. "In two directions?—that can only be from toward Norristown—or possibly Philadelphia—and the Forge! What can this mean? Are you sure, man, that the boy has not been deceived?"

"Sure that I have not been deceived," was the response. "The tramp can be heard now, from the door, aye, or from the window, for there is no wind. Listen!"

Cold as was the night, the landlord, as he spoke, drew back one of the curtains and flung up the lower sash of the window it covered. Lee was at the opening in an instant, with ear turned outward, while some of the others in the room crowded as silently as possible in the same direction. Then, silence within the room, even to the heavy drawing of a breath, except an occasional crackle from the stove. Some days had elapsed since the falling of the last snow, and the travel of war time had beaten it to a hardness approaching that of the ground beneath, so that it no longer muffled the sound of the falling hoof. Plainly, then, to the ear of the practiced soldier, there came the beat of horses' feet, only heard in one direction, and that as very near, coming up the last hill of the road from Valley Forge.

Words would be worse than wasted in saying that Charles Lee was no coward—that he was, in his way, and under circumstances permitting the exhibition of his quality, one of the bravest of men, in spite of the inquiry not long after hurled at him by Washington, as to the "extraordinary precaution" of Monmouth. But at that moment, and hearing the beat of the horses' hoofs coming in at that open window, his saturnine face certainly whitened, as that of any man may well do, without cowardice, in the presence of the unexpected and the unexplainable. No doubt, one conclusion forced itself on his mind, with the rapidity born of the life of a soldier. The force, whatever it might be, was approaching from the direction of head-quarters; all probability, then, made it some detachment from the patriot army, as from the royal hold at Philadelphia the advance would have been from the opposite. For what, at that hour, could patriot horse be on the march? What was known?—what was guessed?—in what peril, as to life, liberty or the service, might not all stand who occupied that apartment? Those papers—

Quickly as the thought struck the man who had followed Stanislaus Augustus, he acted upon it. In the next instant he had left the window, approached the stove, whirled open the reddened door, and temporarily assisted the conflagration then raging within the huge cast-iron parallelogram, by the addition of a handful of documents. The new fuel may possibly have been quite as inflammatory as anything therein before contained; and for one instant it certainly added to the roaring of the wood-fed flame, while the act paled the cheeks of more than one of the younger officers who had before only been looking on and listening in wonder.

"You see, gentlemen, what I have done, and you can well understand why," was the succeeding comment of the master-spirit, speaking with even more than his usual rapidity. "You all know the contents of those papers; and I do not choose that too many others shall know them, if we are followed and hemmed in, as seems possible. And now, our business being ended for the evening, I suggest that this meeting break up, and that we disperse at once, to meet again when notice is given."

There are some suggestions that commend themselves to all hearers; and this, all surroundings considered, was one of them. Scarcely a moment later, and the little assemblage had dissolved, down the stairway and in the direction of the one door which all prudence recommended—that at the rear of the lower hall. Herman de Vriest had been among the first to leave the room, his bar demanding attention. General Lee followed him very closely, and was among the earliest to reach the rear door: indeed, his own hand opened it. But he went no further, for the moment; for Lachlan McIntosh had done his work carefully as silently, and no doubt at any time within the previous half hour the same sentinel there standing, and barring the way with his bayoneted musket, had held the same position. Lee made a motion to step from the door, in advance of the others, but was stopped by the leveled musket, with the brief explanation from the Continental soldier:

"Stand back! Orders, gentlemen. No one passes here."

It may well be believed that the blood of "Boiling Water" rose into fierce ebullition at this indignity. Luckily, perhaps, for all concerned, he remembered, in time, that he was an officer, dealing with an inferior on duty; and with merely a "humph!" of disgust he stepped back within the door, and while the half dozen who had accompanied him in the attempted escape, closed it and followed, rapidly traversed the hall to the front door and flung it open. As he did so and set foot upon the piazza, another of the Continental soldiers, musket at the "present," barred his way; and as he looked across him to the road without, a scene met his eye fully explaining the hoof-beats lately heard on the road below, if not the reason for their sounding at that time and place.

Just halting in front of the tavern were some squadrons of American horse, quite easily recognized in the partial light from the prevailing snow and that from the inn windows. These showed, by their heading, that they had come up from the direction of Valley Forge; while another and smaller body, just trotting up from the eastward, evidenced the fact that there indeed had been a well-ordered attempt at surprise and surrounding. From the first body, a horseman was just dismounting, and he approached the piazza on the instant after Lee had been a second time checked by the sentinel. A searching glance at the figure of the new-comer showed the practiced eye of the old soldier that it was that of Lachlan McIntosh; and whatever of subsidence there had been in the boiling of his hot blood, it rose again on the instant of the recognition, as (all other considerations of the time out of the way) the gorge of the Welshman and the Scotsman is well known to have risen at the rival nationality, throughout all those centuries of picturesque warfare illustrated by the mediæval historians and the old dramatists. General Lee, after a single instant of pause, made a movement to leave the piazza, in spite of the sentry's challenge, with the effect of bringing the soldier's weapon to the "charge," and of sending the hand of the officer to his sword.

"Stand there, whatever ye are!" at that moment rang out the voice of McIntosh, then very near to the piazza, and possibly not yet recognizing the muffled figure of the other.

"I shall probably take that command from my superior, when I find him, but not from my inferior!" was the hasty reply of Lee, with the arrogant addition: "What all this means, General McIntosh, I neither know nor care; but I advise *you* and your men to stand back, when *I* wish to pass."

"Heydey! but it's het Chairlie!" rather muttered than spoke the Scot, recognizing the voice. Then to

the irate officer, who was indeed his superior in rank and command: "Toots, general, if it's ye, indeed, yer sair oot o' yer reekoning gin ye think that ony man's too muckle for the mindin' of a bit order, when it's backed by a troop or sae and yer all alane. Bide where ye are, it's my advice, without ony mair words, gin yer the crooned deil; or it'll be the waur for ye, I'm fancyin'!"

All speculation fails, as to the rage no doubt at that moment, and at such mocking words from the lips of an inferior for the moment placed in power over him, glowing in the breast of "Boiling Water." Well was it for all concerned, perhaps, that no opportunity was given for the ebullition so imminent. For when the last word of the Scot had scarcely left his lips, another figure appeared at the edge of the piazza, coming down from the road where the troops were halted; and something in that tall figure, wrapped in its horseman's cloak, showed, even through the dusk, that it belonged to the commander-in-chief. How rapidly, in an instant, the situation changed with that appearance, may be easily understood. Even then, however, words might have been spoken, leading (as some later *did*) to a life-long regret, but for the wise course pursued by the man who was really as subtle as he appeared to be frank and candid of speech.

"You will keep your force in position, General McIntosh," he said, very calmly; "and you, General Lee, as I am so fortunate as to have found you here, will act with me in an examination of this house, which it seems requires to be made."

"An examination of this house, general!" Lee could not avoid echoing, as an exclamation. "For what—may I ask?"—and certainly the old soldier for the instant stammered his surprise; then, remembering himself, adding: "At your command always, sir; may I be honored with your orders?"

"I am a little puzzled, myself, General Lee," answered Washington, very calmly, "as to what those orders are to be; as your presence here—not too prudent, is it, so far away from head-quarters, and when so lately out of captivity?—as your presence here, and that of some junior officers whom I am confident that I recognize, makes it almost impossible that I can have been correctly informed."

If General Lee had before been puzzled, he could not at that moment have been otherwise than thunder-struck, in the presence of words that might mean so much in any direction. And again his usually ready tongue took up its trick of stammering, as he asked:

"May I be allowed to inquire, general, what was the information to which you allude?"

"Certainly," was the immediate reply. "I had information that seemed reliable, that this inn, so near to my quarters as to be at least dangerous for such practices, was being made the rendezvous of certain disguised partizans of the enemy, and that at this hour I should certainly find them assembled, in some privacy belonging to the house. May I ask, in return, if you and your companions have been here for any length of time—as that could scarcely be the case and such a gathering unknown?"

For once, beyond a doubt, the rough cheek of Lee burned in the winter dusk, as he answered:

"I have myself been here for something more than an hour, general, and some of these junior officers nearly as long—some longer, probably."

"And you have seen or heard—I may assume so much, I think—nothing of the character mentioned?"

"Nothing, general."

"You have been—pardon my asking this question also—you have been within the house, most or all that time?"

"Within the house, nearly all that time, general; and I am confident that nothing of importance could have occurred within it, without my knowledge."

"I have your confident word, then, do I, General Lee, that a search of the house would be superfluous—that there can not probably be any dangerous gathering, demanding the arrest of those participating?"

"You have my word to that effect, general; though perhaps—"

"I have known your ability, and recognized your services, too long, General Lee," said Washington,

very gravely and calmly, "to believe that you could have been in such immediate neighborhood to any number of those unfriendly to our cause, without being aware of the fact. So be good enough to consider that point as established. There must have been some error in the information, to be looked after later. And perhaps the King-of-Prussia will be nothing the worse for the visit, all said."

General Lee bowed, through the dusk, as all the answer that could be made under the circumstances; but Washington spoke again, and in a voice notably louder than that in which he had before been speaking, so that all those present—the unrecognized participants in the late meeting, some of them yet lingering, at no great distance, among others—could clearly hear the words that fell from his lips.

"There may be something more in this, General Lee," he said, "than meets the eye at this moment. Such information usually has a certain foundation; and it will be necessary to hold the King-of-Prussia under a trifle of surveillance, even at the risk of another ride for nothing through the winter night air. As I have before said, I do not command, but suggest, that my officers, under the present advisement, will do well not to visit this inn too frequently, or under circumstances that may be easily misunderstood."

If Lee had been in doubt, not long before, of the position in which he and those with him temporarily stood, he remained no longer in that uncertainty. That more than a suspicion existed, in the mind of the commander-in-chief, of the true character of the meetings held at the King-of-Prussia, he no longer questioned, after those closing words. He was betrayed—they were betrayed—how or by whom, was something beyond human guess. But the fact, and the danger it involved, were none the more to be ignored on that account. The papers, so important an element of the cabal, were dust and ashes; and to all those within hearing, except possibly himself, had as certainly been spoken a warning that none would disregard, as if they had been very differently shaped in utterance. The *Pater Patria*, under the prompting so lately received, had shattered a promising project at a single blow, without leaving even an excuse for understanding that he had done so.

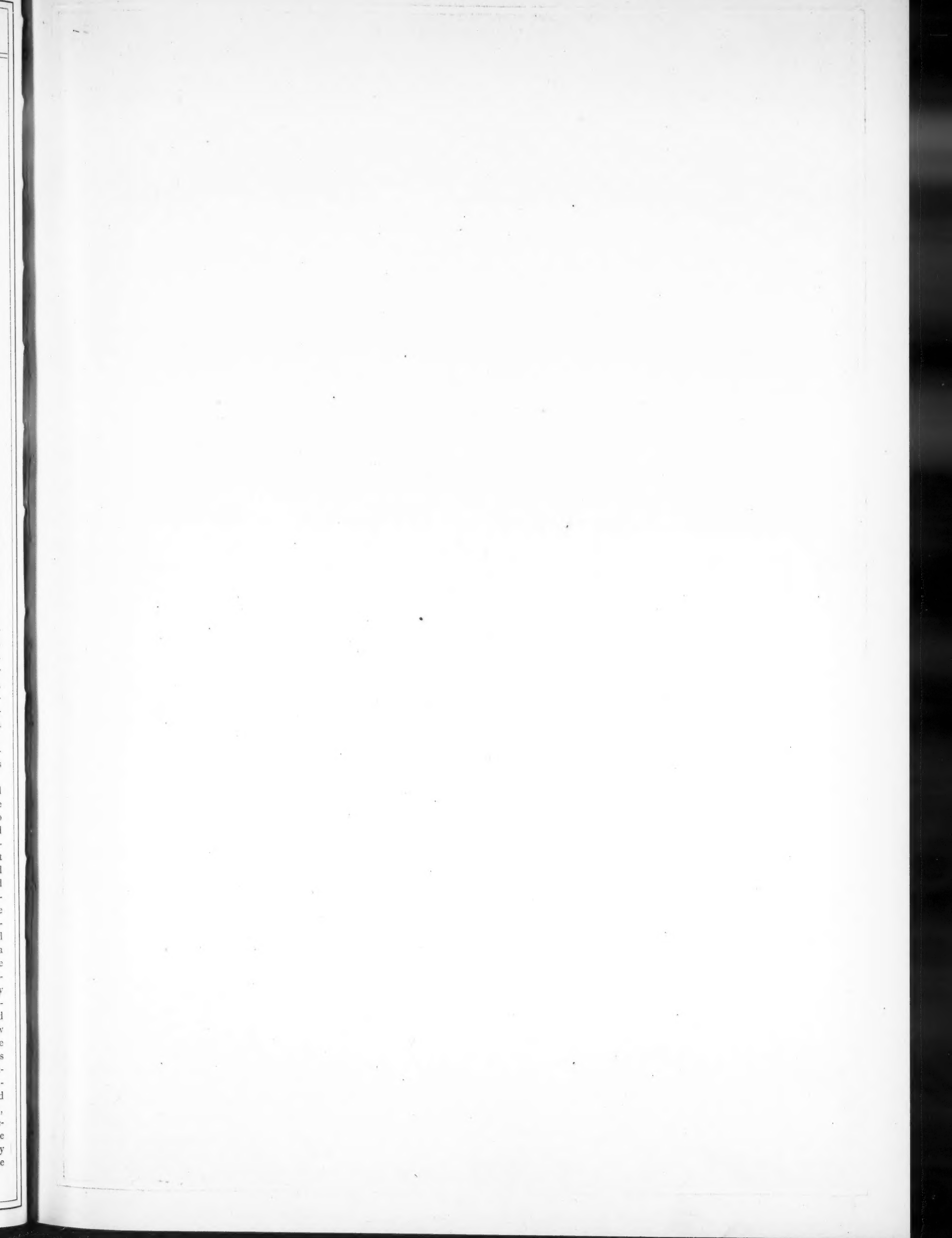
The discomfited man of many projects and more passions, stood motionless upon the edge of the piazza, except as he mechanically raised his hand to his chapeau in answering salutation,—as the commander-in-chief thus closed the interview, turned away, and went back to the troop standing at ease in the snowy road, now augmented by the force which had made a short circuit and approached from the eastward. Lee saw, as through a mist, the tall cloaked form pass further from him, as it was destined never to do from his mentality, to his dying day. He heard, as if afar off, the strong voice of Lachlan McIntosh, with its Scotch patois, giving orders to the troop to wheel and take the return route to Valley Forge. And many minutes had elapsed, and most of those who had so lately been in concert with himself had disappeared, one by one, as the integers of failing enterprises have the habit of melting away after a certain crisis,—when at last the checked plotter turned sullenly on his heel, quitted the piazza by the eastern end, made his way to one of the humble out-buildings where his horse was sheltered from the night and the cold, mounted him and rode away by a by-road well known to himself, that would lead him back to the cantonments, without further rencontre with the armed force setting out on its return from an enterprise seeming, to most observers, so insignificant, if not so mistaken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MODERN HOLY FAMILY.

THE exclusive worship of the antique in art is one of the strongest temptations besetting the picture-lover, and yet more especially the pretender in love of art,—from the fact that that worship offers so much and requires so little. There is no risk of mistake, for even the most ignorant, in chiming in with the laudations bestowed by ages upon any one of the

works of Raphael, or Titian, or Tintoretto, or Paul Veronese; and there is no danger that anything in the future can cast down the reputations won and held by those demi-gods of the pencil, and many others of those who have followed them nobly, even at some distance. Such worship is safe, because the precedent is fully established; and while the true lovers of art are obliged to join in it, and eager to do so, whenever the circumstances justify such adhesion, the parrots and pretenders will always be sure to follow, in all instances, because they are in need of the opinions of others upon which to found their own, and because they are thus quite safe against their own critical acumen being called in question. With the works of modern artists, some of whom have not yet cleared themselves from the clouds and chances of living, and others of whom have been so little while departed that the dissensions and jealousies evoked by their lives have not yet quite died away—with such works it is very different; and the critical world takes the most evident care to say nothing that may not have been fully warranted by precedent, or that can by any possibility be modified by something yet to come in the career of the artist. Especially is this true of a class of works once literally commanding the art world through their number and their comparative superiority—and still important, however few the additions, from the appeal which they make to a feeling that claims to rise far beyond mere sentiment and become devotion. Once this class—the religious picture, embracing the Saviour, the Madonna, the almost innumerable saints, and the various scenes connected with the lives, labors and sufferings ascribed to them, in Holy Writ or tradition—employed almost exclusively the pencils of the great masters. To-day, such employment of the more prominent and masterful pencils is comparatively rare; and in the light of words already said, it is very evident that they work under a serious disadvantage, and that, without pencils actually so dipped in light as to compel what must be grudgingly yielded, they will be held to have failed comparatively, or only won moderate successes, when they have really deserved the immortality of overwhelming merit. Actually, some of the Holy Families of the modern school are worthy peers of any that have preceded them, no matter what the epoch of creation, or whose the wondrous hand. Not many years since, in fortunate Munich, then lightened by the living presence of Wilhelm von Kaulbach, and the great treasure-house of his noblest works,—the present writer saw a Holy Family by that master-hand of the century, worth anything from the pencil of Raphael, if glorified humanity, and not impossible beatification, was the highest meed to be attained in such a production. And that noble picture has been nobly engraved, and thus thrown into the possibility of general knowledge and more than mere single possession; and yet who dare say of this work of art what is true: that in all the great qualities making the great picture (the single one of color being waived, as one of opinion), it is better than any of the antiques, far more refined than Michael Angelo, while quite as forcible, and equal to Raphael on his own wondrous meeting-ground of the delicate and the overwhelming? We illustrate this subject in a certain degree, in connection, by giving an excellent engraving, conveying all that can be conveyed in mere black and white, of a Holy Family by Bouguereau, involving one of the favorite antique variations of the theme, in the presence of the Virgin, the Infant Christ, and the boy John the Baptist. Even as seen under the disadvantage of absence of color, how noble in design and how exquisite in handling, is this specimen of the New pitted against the Old! It is worth much more than a single glance—a brief inspection; and in its light, something more than a mere moment of reflection may well be indulged in, as to the facts of comparative power in the modern and the antique, and the tendencies so evident in judging between them, with which we have taken the hazard of dealing somewhat plainly in this short lay sermon drawn from the brief text of this glorious picture. At no distant day we may have occasion to return to the theme, as one little understood, and by no means exhausted.





SPRING VIOLETS. — AFTER ED. DUBUFE.

ART IN BOSTON—III.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB AND LONGFELLOW EXHIBITION.

THE first exhibition for the season of the Boston Art Club, in January, was the first occasion for anything like a catholic or general exhibition of pictures by Boston artists; though here some of our artists of the most marked individuality were unrepresented. It should be the aim to have these exhibitions embrace everything of note, representative of the different schools, or even cliques. Then we should have growth, and finally culture. There can not be too much breadth in such an exhibition—that is, in selecting and choosing the material of which it is to be formed. It is not necessary that everything offered should be accepted; but everything with an idea or a story in it should be, especially if the idea be a new or an unpopular one. Only simple mediocrity should be rejected. And it should never be forgotten, that artists have rights. I have in mind two of the best

works by members of the Art Club government, without a particle of merit.

Among the most pleasing of the pictures in color, were a number by George Inness, of both American and foreign subjects. I like the former the better. One of a Medfield study, a twilight effect, with houses and trees drawn ruggedly and deftly in silhouette against a bright but not brilliant sky, is grand and impressive. The motive is noble, the treatment honest. The foreground is deep in tone, and is simple and unpretending in its depth of shadow. A study of pines and sunset atmospheric effect as observed in Italy, is also fine, but in a different direction. It is more sensuous and possibly a trifle less effective. Its color may be more pleasing, but something less agreeable, if such a comparison of terms will be understood. A study of a ledge on Morte Mountain, North Conway, is grand and impressive, with a sky full of action and impulse. It is New England, all over. A Normandy subject is impressive and far reaching, with

heads are one by Frank Duveneck and two by W. Shirlaw, of Chicago. These are full of strength; while Mr. Hunt's add to the strength sentiment and feeling. These display magnificent strokes of drawing; but Mr. Hunt's are replete with all this, as well as idealized with a color that is warm and glowing. There is much talk about our young artists learning of the new school; but few seem aware that the new school must forget some of its egotism. One school must not swamp the other: we shall learn, rather, by attrition.

W. E. Norton is represented by two stirring marines,—one a sombre, dense effect, the distance receding, black and deep, over inky water, beneath heavy clouds, in the middle distance a vessel under full press of sail, spirited and full of life; the other—and the better in many qualities—styled simply "At Sea," representing a vessel bowling along in an easy, nonchalant way, over waters that are gray, and beneath a sky that is heavy with moisture, but pearly in



THE DAY IS DONE.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

artists located just now in Boston, both with more than local—even cosmopolitan—reputations. Both of them will leave behind them names which will live in art history among our brightest lights. One of these had a picture rejected by the Art Club management, and the other had one that came within one vote of it. Now, it strikes me that this is far from being right. In France, when an artist has received a medal at the Salon, he can hang any picture he pleases to paint and send: it is presumed that he knows enough, and cares enough for his reputation, to send only what will reflect credit upon him; and, if he misses it, it is more his concern than that of any other person. And in literature, in this country, it is pretty much the same, else we probably should not have had a certain recent *Atlantic* "poem." It should be so in art. When a man has shown his capacity for accomplishing grand results in color, composition or effects of *chiaro-oscuro*, upon his own shoulders let any future failure rest. The painting that was rejected by the Art Club management I did not see, and do not speak in criticism of the committee's lack of judgment, but lack of courtesy. Especially should I say as much after going to the exhibition, and seeing

somewhat scattered objective points of vision, but attracting the eye by turns.

A son of Mr. Inness, who is studying with him, is represented by a number of works, all marked with individuality and striking in qualities of color.

The two extremes of feeling are manifested in landscapes by George L. Brown and William M. Hunt,—the former by a beautiful Venetian subject, and the latter principally by a New England hill-side study. The one is warm, while the other is cold. In the former the grays are illuminated with a warmth lent by the rays of an Italian sun; and in the latter they are bleached, as it were, by the fogs and the east winds of the New England coast. Both are charming in their own way. The atmosphere in Mr. Brown's is the most subtle, the most permeating, I have ever seen from his easel, and hovers over a distance replete with interest because so coquettish and coy; while Mr. Hunt gives that thin, transparent quality of atmosphere so often seen on our hills in the bleak November days. Mr. Hunt is also represented by several charcoal subjects that are strong and full of character. Some heads he shows are brilliant in color, and one of them is as rich as a Pompeian bronze. Near these

its tones, everything being finely handled, and the vessel redolent of force and action.

These, of course, only embrace some of the principal artists represented and subjects hung; but it would require a longer paper than is here possible to mention and do all of them justice. However, there are a number of others that demand at least recognition. Ernest Longfellow is represented by a sky study in an "After the Storm" subject that is one of the grandest in effect and sweetest in sentiment I have lately seen from a Boston easel. Its tones of light are warm and silvery, and its shades full and transparent. It is an effort of the sun to break through a mass of shattered cloud, and the success of the effect is worthy the boldness of the undertaking. F. D. Williams sends home from France a couple of studies of landscape, in a peculiar drab or "pepper-and-salt" color that is very pleasing and modest and quite characteristic. W. Allan Gay has some shore studies that are graceful in touch and pleasing in deep quality of color. E. L. Custer has an Alpine lake-and-mountain study that is clear and transparent in color, and very effective. S. P. Hodgdon has a landscape study quite vivid in its greens; F. B. De Blois, a Canadian

twilight, good in a study of purple; J. A. Monks, a strong and sombre "After a Shower," full of the spirit of the scene; Helen M. Knowlton, a wood interior study, vigorous and honest; Albert Thompson, a Normandy landscape, low in tone, and sincere in feeling; E. L. Weeks, several Eastern subjects that deserve more extended mention; and others are represented by works that must be even more slightly passed over.

Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, recently made the first exhibition of his works, which completely surprised every one. While it was generally known that Mr. Longfellow's pictures were almost invariably good, it was not expected that they would stand the test of showing to advantage in a body. This, in fact, they did—not only not detracting from each other, but rather adding to each other's merits. The collection, in truth, was quite remarkable. Nature's innate richness was more than hinted at. It was realized in its most perfect sense, so far as oils and colors can express it. The general tone was pleasing, the feeling crisp, the touch free and graceful. The subjects were invariably fresh, and there was no mannerism but that of nature in a most pleasing mood. Whether we walk with the artist through the Cambridge lanes, or look across Brighton meadows in the "perfect days" of June, or even still earlier, when the greens of the grass and foliage are more delicately toned with gray; or whether we go, in August, down along the Manchester coast, and look out on the blue waters of the Atlantic, intensified by a study of the reddish rock that there abounds; or walk with him by the waters of Thun or Como or Maggiore, in Switzerland and Italy,—we shall see nature at her best, and breathe in the inspiration of the poet and the artist at his bidding. The atmospheric qualities of the pictures were quite marked, presented in many of them with a warmth and a subtlety exceedingly charming. Their color was not only rich, but transparent and permeating. Mr. Longfellow is entirely and delightfully original. He follows no model but his own self-acquired knowledge, and copies no master but the nature he sees before him. He is too profound and careful a student to be a copyist. He is neither finical in his delineations nor slovenly in his masses. There is an honesty of purpose apparent in his work, and an earnestness of execution also, toned and tempered by a deep feeling of poetry, without which an artist is only half a one. His sunny pictures are full of dancing, shimmering light; and the grayest and cloudiest show that the sun is somewhere not far off. It is this element of cheerfulness, this looking on the sunny side of nature, that lent such a pleasing character to the collection as a whole, and possibly brought so many good judges to the sale which followed the exhibition—at this writing the only successful sale of the season. Mr. Longfellow goes to Europe shortly, to continue his studies.

—Earl Marble.

ART IN LONDON—II.

AN HOUR WITH COROT, AT COTTIER'S.

MESSRS. COTTIER & Co., in Pall Mall, are giving themselves up to Corot just now. The works of this artist are of very great interest as well as excellence: they are among the few (modernly speaking, among the very few) for which it is possible to feel, not an intellectual admiration merely, but a warm emotional affection. Corot's misty treatment is a marvel which one scarcely estimates at its full worth, perhaps, till after having seen the woolly crudities of even his best imitators. His pictures repay an indefinite amount of study. They are a haze, peering through which we come at last to life and nature's self. The breeze blows in them, the trees wave and whisper, the sun has a gentle warmth, the waters are cool. Such are the impressions he produces. Many persons are offended with him, at first: but others see more deeply into his poetic landscapes, day by day; and there certainly seems to be no modern landscape painter so profound and fascinating as he.

His largest work here is a moonlight scene—nymphs in faintly shimmering raiment dancing in a

ring beside a stream; Cupid dances with them, and hiding behind the trees on the right, a young man looks on. The "shimmer" of the moonlight on the rainbow-tinted garments is perhaps the most subtle effect in the picture. It appears continually to shift and alight on new places. There is an *abandon*—an absence of conventional grace, in the drawing of the various poses, which brings a singular impression of reality into the midst of this fairy vision. These nymphs are alive, and have no idea of sitting for their portraits. Cupid, probably, is in the young man's secret; but the nymphs are unconstrained by suspicion of any foreign presence. There is a shadowy little temple in the dusky background, whence, it may be, they have escaped for an hour's gambol under the soft moon. But there is a plot hatching!

For a contrast to this there stands a small canvas, containing a scene as commonplace as a cow standing in a lazy stream which slumbers away through level meadows into the background—can make it. The cow, of course, has got beneath the shadow of a tree growing on the left bank of the shallow: an elderly tree, of generous expanse, evidently accustomed to overshadowing kine and fond of doing so. The sky which enlightens this fair stretch of meadow is one of the artist's best. It is a morning sky, with a fresh breeze blowing toward us from the west, stirring and tumbling about amidst innumerable little waves of bright and gray cloudlets. The movement of this breeze is so skillfully suggested that the spectator almost feels it blowing cool on his cheek. Moreover, it would be easy to give a shrewd guess at the precise temperature of this morning hour. Between 65 and 70 degrees, Fahrenheit, I should say, beneath the shade of that tree; last night's shower has lowered the mercury a trifle below the average.

It is not easy to avoid thinking of these pictures as of real scenes: we forget, and delight to forget, the formulas of art in describing them. The longer and closer we look, the more we believe in them, and the less does ordinary criticism seem to apply to them. A third subject shows a peasant's hut in a clearing: in the foreground a tree has been overthrown, and the peasant's wife—a woman who, though nothing but a blur on near inspection, and scarcely two inches high, appears, at the proper distance, to be a somewhat harsh-featured but good-natured dame of forty-five, with coarse hands and a wrinkled throat,—is gathering from its prone branches a fagot of French sticks to boil the pot withal. The cottage is small and bare, its rough framework covered with white plaster, which lights up pleasantly against the dark wood behind. The spot must be several miles from the nearest village. The husband has just come forth with his ax, and is trudging off forestward. There is something profoundly French about it all; though why it should not look just as much American or English, is impossible to say. A Frenchman might tell us just what patois the peasant and his wife talk.

A fourth gives us a woodland brook, at the point where a narrow wood path crosses it—the margins of the brook at the crossing being rather boggy. It is late evening: there has been a heavy shower during the afternoon, but it has now cleared off, and we see through the black mass of the tall trees a fine orange afterglow of sunset. Loneliness and silence are the prominent impressions; and we seem to have lost our way in the forest, and to have come to a standstill beside this brook. Presently, and not without a start, we become aware that we are not alone: a woman is stooping down in the shadow of the further margin, filling a pail with water. Evidently, therefore, there is a hut not far off, round the dusky bend of that moist path. Another peculiarity of Corot's landscapes,—the only other one I have now space to mention,—is the feeling they produce that the sun rises on them, reaches his apogee, and sets; that anon the moon and stars appear; that clouds, rain, and snow may all have their day. It is only by chance that we see them under the aspect they wear. If it be foul weather to-morrow, so will it be likewise on these magic canvases. They are not fixed and immutable; but time passes and changes with them as elsewhere in the world. So, if we gaze yet an hour at this sunset

scene, yonder orange glow will have faded away; the maid with the water-pails will have had her supper, and perhaps have gone to bed; the frogs will croak for a while, and then turn in too; the slender starlight will percolate down through these thick branches, and the only sound will be the soft gurgle of the brook as it parts against that outstanding stone.

February, 1876.

—Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

"SPRING VIOLETS."

THERE is no prouder name, in modern French art, or, indeed, in any world of art belonging to modern Europe, than that of Eduard Dubufe. So many of those exquisite pieces, reproduced as nearly as black-and-white can do that justice to color, have adorned the pages of THE ALDINE at different times, that only the name is necessary to be recalled, also to recall the many pleasures experienced by art-lovers in beholding the works of that facile and most charming pencil. In nearly every detail of art Dubufe has proved his excellence, but in nothing more completely or satisfactorily than in the delineation of the "human shape divine;" and in few instances has he more pleasingly mastered that most difficult of all subjects, than in the picture in the present number, well designated "Spring Violets," from the texture of the bouquet which seems lately to have been sent to the proud and beautiful woman who furnishes at once the theme of the artist and the delight of the gazer. What can be more perfect than the pose and round of the queenly neck, the suggestion of the magnificent bust, or the mould of the splendid arm and dimpled fingers,—except possibly the skill with which the great artist, with the face more than half turned away, has yet managed to convey its whole expression, even to the pout of the full lip and the light glancing sidewise from an eye evidently equally capable of looking love or indicating withering scorn? No woman of ordinary condition is the wearer of the aigrette of rich pearls adorning the dark hair; and no mere chance gift has been the bouquet, as is well evidenced by the letter accompanying and read with so much interest, even if at the same time with the most declared pride and indolence. A most fascinating picture, this, altogether—seldom equaled even by Dubufe, and not excelled by the pencil of any modern artist—fascinating in the grand simplicity of its handling, and in the evidence which it supplies of that wealth of resource in the painter, creating a proud scorn of all those tricks in effect, so often resorted to by mediocrity.

"THE DAY IS DONE."

"THE day is done, and the darkness
Drops from the wing of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle's wing, in flight :"
So sung, in years long faded,
The sweetest of Western bards,
Who had won (and has never lost them)
The whole world's fond regards.

And even as he in rhyming
So Davis on pictured page
Has the talent, our best fancies
In his subject to engage.
In the horses, plodding homeward,
And the tired man at their side,
We have something faithful as rural,
And well worth the artist's pride.

The plowman may well be hungry
And thirsty; and yet far less
Than the careless and quick observer
Might at first be ready to guess;
For the little boy has a pitcher,
And perhaps a "little brown jug;"
And at noontide, under the hedge-row,
They have dined, content and snug.

But "the day is done," and homeward
They are plodding, that feast to keep
Which is found in the horses unharnessed,
And the plowman buried in sleep;
And to-morrow, fresh and ruddy,
They will all be seen afield,
Making ready the teeming acres
That the autumn crop must yield.

—John Hay Furness.

A FEW INQUIRIES.

I HAVE no doubt whatever that the asking of questions is one of the necessities of life, as well as one of the recognized modes of acquiring that information indispensable for carrying on the details of civilized existence. I have no doubt, either, that those who intend to acquire information during their adult lives, must more or less adopt the habit of making the necessary interrogations during that period of childhood in which all the habits are supposed to be formed. And yet, I humbly submit that there may be "too much" even of this "good thing:" that the "harmless and innocent prattle" about which the small novelists and writers of goody-goody books have always been so eloquent, may become as intolerable a nuisance, needing the severest punishment when it can not be checked by the usual modes of repression, as any other of the offenses against public policy and the rights of the quiet citizen, for which prisons are maintained and gibbets occasionally erected. After so strong an enunciation, perhaps I owe it to the world to state some of the premises upon which my opinion is founded,—or at least to give some instance in which the supposed outrage may have been committed. The latter duty I can (unfortunately) perform with singular facility, at the present juncture in a life (again unfortunately) not devoid of troubled and melancholy crises.

I had occasion, not many days ago, to make that brief journey lying between New York and the equally ambitious, if smaller, city of Newark, in the State of New Jersey; and, proceeding thitherward, I took the cars of the Central Railroad, at what is called the Long Dock, at Communipaw. The boat had been by no means overcrowded, in crossing the ferry; and I congratulated myself on the fact that the press of passengers was not likely to prevent my getting a whole seat in the cars. Glancing in at the windows of one car and another of the train, as I passed up the platform, I selected that which seemed to be the nearest empty, entered, and took possession (American like) of two seats, on the which I extended myself in great comfort, and with high expectations of the most comfortable brief ride on record—the reading of a favorite magazine, fresh purchased at the news-stand at the ferry, understood as to alternate with frequent and enjoyable glimpses of the scenery along the route.

Half-a-dozen passengers dropped into my almost empty car, in the brief time elapsing between the making fast of the ferry-boat to the bridge and the starting of the train. Then followed two, just before the whistle sounded; and then and thereafter I had occasion to hold a very different view of the comfort—not to say the enjoyment—involved in the transit. The one was an ordinary sort of man, of the middle class; and he held by the hand a bright-looking youngster of some six or seven years. "Bright-looking," did I say? Would to the deities, more or less infernal, watching over the misdoings of childhood, that he had been *less* bright-looking—that he had been more stupid than the traditional owl; blinder than that other tradition, the bat; and whether deaf or not, at least dumb! Then might—. But of that anon.

The two new-comers entered the seat immediately behind me—the elder giving up the inner end to the younger, who immediately climbed upon the seat with his feet, and commenced looking out at the window. Would to all those infernal deities, again, that he had "commenced" doing nothing more! But he also "commenced" asking questions, the number, continuity and variety of which gave me at once a new impression of the scope of the English language, and of the principle of quasi-perpetual-motion embodied in the juvenile tongue, while it may be said that I had never before had the least idea of the meaning of the word *curiosity*. It would not be the truth, to say that there was no subject, connected with the heavens above or the earth beneath, upon which he did not touch, inquisitively, with occasional variations of comment; but it would be truth to say that there was nothing within reach of his eyes, or likely to occur to a mentality no more developed by years, which did

not pass under review by that tongue most terrible. Interspersed, like very rare plums in a very large sawdust pudding, were the replies of his elder companion (presumably an uncle—I have an idea his mother's brother), when literally dragged out of him by the persistent and unwearying (in one sense) demands of the torturer. Is it possible for me to remember, after some days devoted to recovery, any part of the connection of this which may be said virtually to have desolated my life? I must make the endeavor, at all events—that others than myself may at least know a portion of the suffering which prostrates my being.

In the moment or two before the starting of the train:

"What did we get in this car for?" "Nice car, ain't it?" "Nicer than that other one." "Is that other one going too?" "What do they have so many cars for?" "Who makes all the cars?—eh?" "Did *you* ever make any cars?" "Is there any fire in that big stove?" "Guess they don't want any fire—warm enough without any." "See—there's more folks coming!" "Spose the cars should start, and they shouldn't get in—what'd they do, then?" "Who made them lamps, I wonder?" "Why don't they start?" "Seems to me they're a good while starting, ain't they?" "Shouldn't wonder if they wouldn't get anywhere at all, by and by." "Oh, see that man with the big basket!—wonder what he's got into it?" "What nice pictures in this car!—see, there's one up there, with a woman and a little boy!" "Takes a good deal of money to make cars, don't it?" "How much money?—more'n a hundred dollars, may be!"

On the road, immediately after starting:

"Say—what makes the cars go, 'thout any horses?" "Funny, ain't it?" "Wonder what street this is?" "Our street don't have any cars going in it, does it?" "Why don't they have cars going in *all* the streets?" "Nice houses, out there—ever so many; nice big houses." "Wonder whose house that is!" "Ain't we 'most half way to Newark, now?" "When will we be?—say!" "Wonder if Aunt Jane is home!" "How many miles is it to Newark?—say!" "What are they stopping for, a'ready?" "Oh, there's the water—what river is that?"

Temporary (alas! not unusual!) stoppage at the draw-bridge, while a dirty-sailed sloop went through: "Oh, see—there's a boat!" "Nice boat, ain't it?" "Wish I had such a boat!" [Wish indorsed; with a supplement not necessary to mention.] "What do boats go through here for?—say!" "Did you ever go through here, in a boat?" "Where did you ever go in a boat?" "When I get big enough, I'll go in a boat, 'stead of these old cars!" "Hallo!—man in the boat!—where are you going?" "What are we stopping so long for?—say!" "Draw-bridge open!—what's a draw-bridge?" "I never seed any draw-bridge!" "Can't we get out to see the draw-bridge?" "Where's the boat gone, I wonder?" "Will there be any more boats, think?" "Do they catch any fish here?" "What kind of fish?" "Who catches 'em?" "Do they go after 'em in boats?" "Little boats, or big ones?" "When?" "Why don't you know?" "What did they blow that whistle for?" "Does the cars goin' on make the whistle blow?" "What then?"

At this stage, is it to be wondered at that I finally rolled up and put into my pocket (possibly with a sort of jerk or slam) the magazine with which I had been, not trifling, but agonizing during the previous run and stoppage? Is it remarkable that, unwilling to imbrue my hands in the blood of one of my own species, however juvenile in years and injurious as to development,—I should have abandoned my seat, crossed the platform into the smoking-car, and submitted to a suffocation of that tobacco-smoke which is my peculiar detestation, rather than run any longer and further risk of losing the small amount of brain yet remaining? At all events, with a mental blessing on the memory of Herod, I did so, and was disembarked at Newark not many minutes later, rejoicing in the adage that "lightning seldom strikes twice in one place," and that though such a journey to Newark might happen to be made once in a century, a corresponding one *from* it was simply impossible.

Two hours later found me returning, with my business not more than half unaccomplished through local and temporary disability, the result of those "circumstances over which I had no control." [Had I had such control, I fear me that the "circumstances" might have been forcibly abated, at or about the draw-bridge!] And at the moment of entering a return car, then nearly empty, I was enraptured beyond expression to see that Julia was approaching the other end of the same car, only accompanied by a very stupid and half-deaf old relative, who could not possibly hear a word of the tender nothings it might be both my duty and my privilege to utter in the ears of that cherished object, not too easily approached in the somewhat antagonistical atmosphere of her paternal home. Was ever anything so opportune—anything so enchanting, as this rencontre, which would more than repay me for the discomforts and annoyances of the ride thither? I paused for a moment on the platform, to be sure that Julia entered that car; then I entered, and was doubly enraptured at the glow which overspread her lovely face—evidently a glow of welcome. The dear girl (dear, even yet!) though greeting me with that modesty characteristic of the most select and eclectic of her sex, played very neatly into my hands by motioning her purblind and deaf old aunt into a seat at one window, while she herself dropped into that by another; and I was about to take my place at her side, full of delight, hope, and all the other blissful sensations allowed by the late constitutional amendments—certain of a stated number of minutes of elysium, with probably many more in the event of another detention at the draw-bridge, and the sweet possibility that the momentous words might manage to be spoken and heard during those thrice-happy minutes,—when—

Imagine my horror, my despair! I saw enter, at the front door, the supposed uncle of that terrible youngster. I saw the terrible youngster himself, combining the two forces of dragging and being dragged into that vehicle so lately the abode of bliss and hopeful anticipation. I heard, in the length of time necessary for the two to advance three seats from the door: "This isn't the same car we came down in, is it?" "Where is that one?—say!" "Why didn't they paint this one like that?" "Why didn't you let me finish my puddin'?—say!" "When Aunt Jane comes on, can I go to the museum with her?" "Why?" "Why can't I never go anywheres, when I want to?—Boo-hoo-hoo!"

I sprang from that seat and that car with mad haste, only taking time to see that the tormentor and his perhaps unwilling accomplice were taking their places in the very seat in front of that (lately) occupied by Julia and myself. I did not even find words to bid Julia good-bye, or explain what had occurred—so confident was I that a minute more would complete the demoralization of a brain already overwrought, and that if I lingered for even that space, I should be a driveling idiot. I shall never forget the look of wonder on the face of the dear girl, as she saw a movement that must have seemed, at the best, so erratic if not so disrespectful. I am confident, from the last instantaneous glance which I caught of that face, that she must have wavered between impressions that I had suddenly caught sight of a sheriff's-officer, from whom I feared arrest for debt, or discovered the face of some woman of disreputable antecedents, whom I did not dare to meet before *her*. I have already shown that I could not explain—that I could not even linger. I left the car in half-a-dozen disorderly leaps; and I feel that in so leaving it I left behind me my chance of happiness, forever!

By the law of the land, I am told, children below a certain age are not adjudged to be responsible for their deeds, or even their misdeeds. They have the shield of infancy. And behind that shield, what may they not do of mischief—nay, of positive crime? If, as I have, reason to fear, there is a permanent disorder of the brain, my future lot, consequent upon my single ride to Newark, and the battery of interminable questions raining around me from the lips of that fell, though minute, interrogation point,—if, as I am morally confident, through that second irruption of



THE BISHOP, GRAND MENAN ISLAND. — AFTER BRICHER.

the disturbing element, and my consequent hasty and unexplained withdrawal from the presence of Julia, I have lost that beloved object beyond recall,—what words can depict the extent of the injury to myself thus wrought? And what language could be strong enough to characterize the impropriety of laws—those burlesques on wisdom and travesties of justice—which enable Mr. Bergh to protect all the beasts of the field, all the birds of the air, and all the insects of the vermin-pit, from cruel and injurious influences, while they prevent the mere throwing of a budding human nuisance, even now intolerable, and likely to grow worse during every day of its dreadful life, into rivers that seem to flow by on purpose, or beneath the wheels of railroad trains that could do no other service so profitable as pulverizing them into their original atoms!

—John Thompson, Jr.

THE BISHOP, GRAND MENAN.

ONE of those places which seem to have been arranged by a beneficent providence for the especial purpose of filling the eye of the lover of the picturesque, and the portfolio of the artist, is the Island of Grand Menan (sometimes spelled "Manan"), lying off the coast of Maine, a little below Eastport and the mouth of the Passamaquoddy Bay, off Lubec, and on the western side of the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, which entrance it may be said that it makes much narrower than it would otherwise be, and does at least something in the way of "blocking it up," in marine parlance. Carrying to an extreme that rocky character of coast in which some of the Eastern States so widely differ from the sandy-coasted and low-beached Middle States,—the Grand Menan almost creates the

idea of having been misplaced by nature—cut off, say, from some portion of the wild and rock-bound scenery of the British Islands, around which the surf rages so differently from what it possibly can do against the shelving and unresistive sand of the lower latitudes and of much of the western continent even in the higher.

Nearly as many striking pictures, showing the bold rocks and dashing surf of the Grand Menan, have come from the easels of our water-landscapists (to coin a phrase), as used to spring, in somewhat earlier years, from the same and other easels, portraying that fertile field of scenic glory for the painter—Lake George. Among them, however, no picture in recollection has more fully conveyed the feeling of the rough but attractive scenery of that exceptional bit of coast, than the accompanying, from a fine drawing by



THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS.—J. O. DAVIDSON.

J. D. Woodward, after A. T. Bricher. Nothing could be more striking than what may be called the lovely desolation of the scene portrayed, — under the full moon, with the white track of that luminary on the water making a matchless contrast with the dark rocks of the headland; the surf breaking gently on the lower and scattered rocks at the foot of the leaning but firm and determined-looking detached "Bishop;" and the dusky sails of the vessels far in the offing rather adding to than taking away the feeling of loneliness awakened by the whole attractive and remarkable scene, which evidences both study and enjoyment in the artist.

Mr. Bricher is a native of New Hampshire, something less than thirty years of age. His early youth was spent in unwearying and almost unassisted labor; but of late years his career has been one of very exceptional success—a reward doubly grateful when the

recipient can feel that it has been fairly earned. For some time past Mr. Bricher has made a specialty of coast-scenes, naturally finding his most congenial subjects in the iron-bound shores of New England, of his delineations of which visitors to late exhibitions will have no difficulty in remembering many notable examples. With all his best years before him, and with the success already won, Mr. Bricher has a magnificent future at his will; and undoubtedly the art-world will fully and profitably recognize his growing popularity and the hardy while delicate scope of his talent.

The original of "The Bishop" is in the possession of Mr. J. T. Williams, of this city, an art-patron of taste and liberality, who purchased it at the Artist Fund Exhibition, and who made such other free and yet tasteful purchases from the late water-color col-

lection, as to stamp him a loving and discriminating friend who understands that art must live and artists must eat even in hard times.

PAUL JONES OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

SOME men there are who assume position before the world, of such prominence that it is not by any means easy to explain, or even to understand, precisely how they have attained it. And some events there are, in the course of ancient and even of modern history, exercising an influence over the minds of all speakers and all thinkers, entirely out of proportion to the consequence of the event itself or to any positive effect which it has otherwise produced on the fortunes of the world. Such a man as the first un-

questionably was John Paul Jones, better known as "Paul Jones," one of the most celebrated commanders in the infant navy of the Revolution; and equally beyond doubt, such an event as the second was the combat between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, of which we give a spirited and graphic picture in this number, drawn by Davidson and engraved by Speer. How this overweening effect may have been produced, in the case of the man and of the event, we may directly have occasion to inquire somewhat closely, without the probability of being able quite to clear up the mystery: it only comes in place at this moment to say that the man and the event belong together, as inevitably as Horatio Nelson with the Nile and Trafalgar.

There can be no more appropriate place or time than in this Centennial year and in connection with the picture of this type-conflict, to review a little at length the career of him who has been called "the first sea-eagle of our infant cause," and around whose name clusters so much of romance, blending the creditable and the diabolic, that he thus becomes one of the mythic Paladins of our early history. We have had one other, perhaps even more notable than the naval commander, blending the history of young America with that of the very oldest nations of the Old World. This instance is to be found in Captain John Smith, of the early days of Virginia, who is well known to have shared in the great conflicts of Christendom against the Turks in his day, and to have displayed almost reckless heroism at the Siege of Belgrade. Of course, during the period of the Revolution, many other links of the same character were exhibited, in the services on both continents of Steuben, Kosciusko, Charles Lee and Lafayette (the European work of the latter yet to be done, and much later); in the allegation, never disproved if never clearly established, that Michael Rudolph, one of the most noted horsemen of Light-Horse Harry Lee's Legion, afterward became the magnificently heroic though finally murdered Marshal Ney, of Napoleon's days of glory; that Flora Macdonald, the Scottish heroine, who saved the life of Charles Edward Stuart after Culloden and went into assured immortality through the pages of "Waverley," became a resident of the Carolinas, had a husband on the royal side in the first Southern battle of the struggle, and went back to Scotland as weary of the Revolutionary commotion; with other instances only less memorable, though not easy to recall at a moment's notice or to prove authoritatively when so recalled. Among those links between the Old World and the New, all said, certainly one of the most remarkable was to be found in Paul Jones, though, like Lafayette, most of his more momentous connections abroad were made after he had concluded his fierce service in behalf of American Independence.

As may be said to be the case with nearly all the members of the Paladin order, there is no little mystery connected with differing relations of the early days of the man of the *Bon Homme Richard*. It seems now to be reasonably well established that he was born on the 6th July, 1747, at Arbigland, on the Solway Firth, in the extreme southwestern portion of Scotland; that his father was a gardener; and that his own name, until he made the addition of "Jones" to it, without the leave of Parliament or Congress, was John Paul, the latter the family name and that of his father. Here, however, at the very threshold of the inquiry, comes in the romantic element, and with it the doubtful. It was more than hinted, from a century to half a century ago, that the reputed son of the gardener was really the illegitimate son of that Scottish noble by whom the father was employed, and that very much of the irascible and dangerous temper of his older years was derived from the half-proud and half-shameful knowledge of his descent, with the aid of that juvenile indulgence almost certain to have alternated with undue severity in the dealing with such a child by the putative father. Of the truth or falsehood of this allegation no one can now hope to speak with any approach to certainty. The son of the high-spirited and somewhat arrogant nobleman who had been "out in the '45" with the

adherents of Charles Edward, would perhaps have been more likely to betray his traits of warlike courage, arrogance, and impatience of restraint, than the son of the humble gardener. But it must be remembered that the gossiping world has always been fond of making such scandalous discoveries, and that there seemed to be a special "run" of that disease at the close of the last and the commencement of the present century—the propensity being somewhat general, as natural, to deal with distinguished names in connection, and the question being even now held a doubtful one, whether Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, alleged daughter of a French gentleman who suffered during the Reign of Terror, who became the wife of Sir Walter Scott, the master novelist, was not really the illegitimate daughter of the noble marquis who held the position of guardian toward her when Sir Walter made her acquaintance!

That young Paul went away on a ship in the Virginia trade is also placed beyond doubt; though even here there is another conflict—as to his having been sufficiently old, at that time, for a flirtation with the daughter of a resident in the neighborhood of his paternal home, so much above him as to make any attachment hopeless. It remains that he went to Virginia, at somewhere between the age of twelve and sixteen years; that he for some time resided in that colony, there assuming the surname of Jones, which he ever afterward retained; and that, in some service ranging between trading and the slave traffic, he became the master of a vessel when still so young as to have debarred almost any other man from the hope of such employment. Reputation he undoubtedly made, with extraordinary rapidity; for he was but twenty-seven years old in 1775, and yet was very soon after that date commissioned as senior lieutenant in that infant navy in which he was to render such important service, and on which, it must be said, he shed so lurid if so brilliant and so world-wide a lustre. Throughout, the quality most apparent in him was audacious courage; and perhaps not even the same courage conjoined with prudence could have been so useful in fighting the naval battles of a nation just rising, so to speak, from the sea, though in a different sense and humor from the Venus Aphrodite.

It may well have been that an idea on the part of the young commander, of great gain to the patriot cause from harrying the coasts of the British Islands, led him in 1778, in the *Ranger*, of only eighteen guns, into the waters surrounding those islands, where his exploits were thereafter to be memorable in the mouths of story-tellers and annalists, and where, indeed, he was to win the reputation, however unjustly accorded, of a freebooter. His capture of the *Drake*, off Carrickfergus, Ireland, gave him a second vessel, to which was afterward added a third, the name of which does not now occur; and thus strengthened, there was less audacity than there might have seemed in his attacking and taking the English western-coast town of Whitehaven, spiking the guns in the forts, burning a vessel or two, and leaving behind him a terror not even yet forgotten along the Cumberland coast. The attempt to carry off the Earl of Selkirk from his residence at near the mouth of the Dee, on the east coast of Scotland, may well have been considered as equally out of the ordinary course of warfare and useless as an operation against the enemy; and it not only had the unfortunate effect of increasing the charge of his being a freebooter, but allowing his force to appropriate the plate and other valuables of that nobleman, which Jones (to his lasting honor be it said) afterward returned intact to the owner, through the medium of Lady Selkirk, when some months later he found them exposed to sale in Paris.

It was in this cruise, too, that he came into such a warlike position toward his native land (Scotland), as to fall under the notice, in due time, of Walter Scott, already mentioned, who, though he did not make him the hero of any tale, dealt with him in the notes to his works as effectually, if not so much at length, as afterward did Cooper, the first of American novelists, in the pages of "The Pilot." Sir Walter records with animation the appearance of Jones with his insignificant squadron off the Firth of Forth and

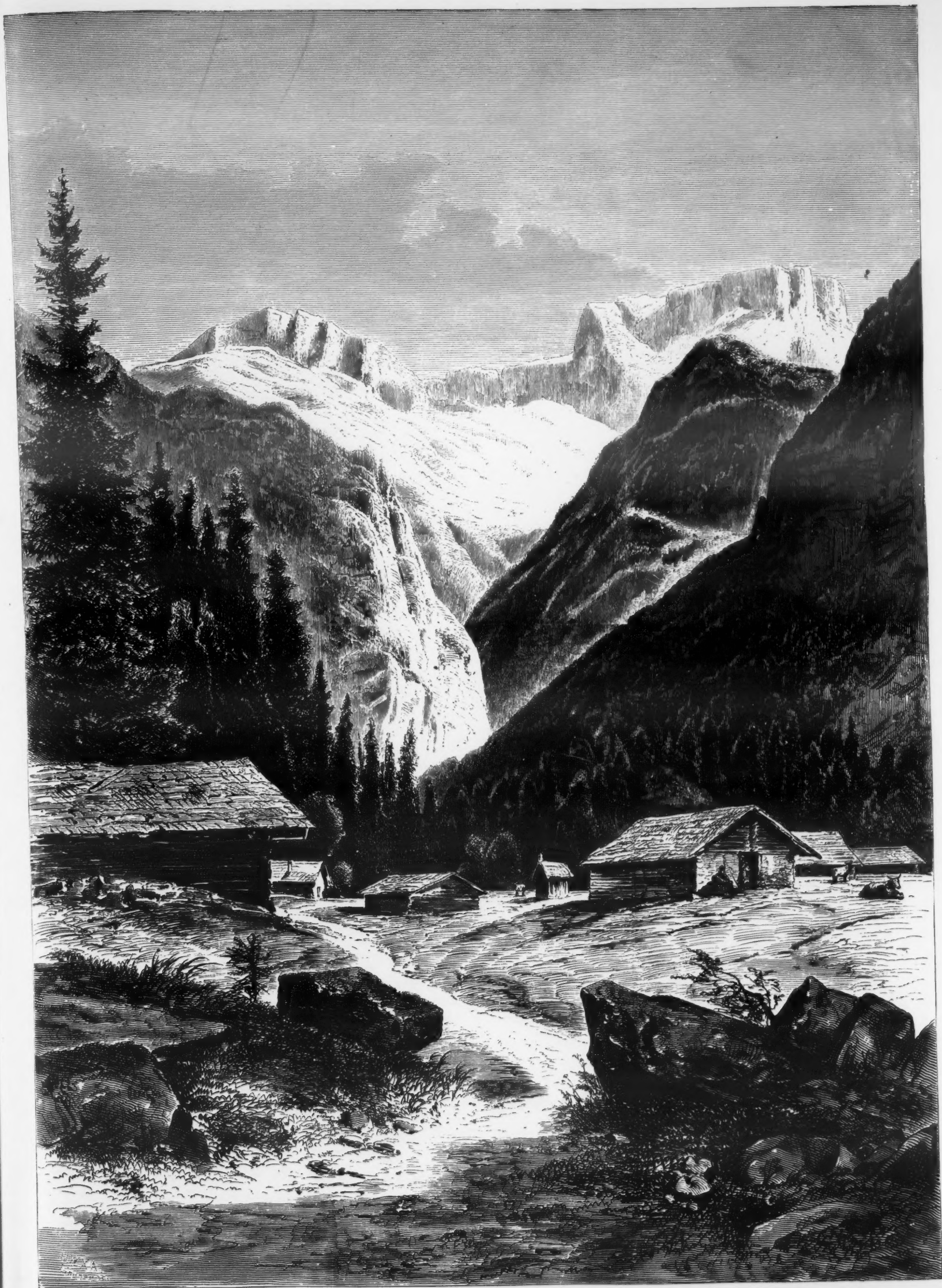
the town of Edinburgh, during that cruise; the fear that fell upon all the people, who considered him so diabolic as well as so powerful as to be beyond their resistance; and the offer made by Stewart of Invernahayle, one of the broken partisans of the Pretender after the '45, to organize a body of Highlandmen and at least defend the streets of the city in the event of a hostile landing.

Whatever and however great his other services, they were all to be crowned, and the head of the naval hero encircled with a halo of destructive glory, in the operations of 1779, the principal of which has connection with the ship already referred to as belonging to his very name. It was with a squadron prepared in the French port, and commissioned by Dr. Franklin, then in France and holding the authority of the home government to issue such a commission,—that Paul Jones sailed from L'Orient in June, 1779, having under his command the *Bon Homme Richard* (his flagship, renamed from the *Duc de Duras*, in compliment to the "Poor Richard" of Franklin), the *Alliance*, *Pallas*, *Cerf* and *Vengeance*. A French captain, Landais, who seems to have been afflicted with a chronic disobedience and what the modern humorists would have called "cussedness," was in command of the *Alliance* and second in command of the squadron. The operations of this fleet, from June to September, have no special interest, though they involved some important captures, several damaging storms, and a literal cruise around the British Islands, renewing the terror and the charge of freebooting which had sprung from his previous operations in the same waters, and no doubt doing immense though irregular good to the patriot cause, in the renewed evidence they gave that England could be seriously periled on the sea, literally at her own doors.

It was on the 24th September, 1779, that the fearful opportunity of John Paul Jones' life came to him, to be embraced as another man might have clasped the offer of ease or luxury. On that day, off Flamborough Head, east coast of England, he fell in with the Baltic fleet of some forty sail, convoyed by the *Serapis*, 44 guns, Captain Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, 22 guns, Captain Piercy. No man now living can explain precisely what occurred thereafter, as a smoke even thicker than that of the conflict hangs over it. Jones ordered a general chase—so much is certain; and equally certain is it that Landais, in the *Alliance*, disobeyed orders, and, whether through fear of a superior force, or treachery, kept out of the way of the good (such good!) that he might have done. In the endeavors of the convoy to escape, and the maneuvers of the vessels of both commands to gain that advantage technically known as the "weather-gauge," the remainder of the day was consumed; and it was long after the fall of evening that the two destined principal combatants, the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, came into those "close quarters" for which the fierce Scoto-American had been especially maneuvering. Of the operations following, so far as they could ever be known through darkness, smoke, and the hell of human passions, perhaps no better account can well be given than that which we extract from an authority which seems generally competent and always reliable:

"Night fell upon the scene while the *Richard* and *Pallas*, the *Serapis* and *Scarborough* were maneuvering for advantage. A little after seven in the evening the *Richard* came within musket-shot of the *Serapis*, when one of the most desperate sea-fights ever recorded commenced. Jones knew the superiority of the *Serapis*, and aimed to lay his vessels athwart her hawse. In the attempt the bowsprit of the *Serapis* ran between the poop and mizzen-mast of the *Richard*. Jones instantly lashed the two vessels together, and the wind soon brought them so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of their respective cannons touched the sides of each other. In this position the action continued from half-past eight till half-past ten in the evening, each party fighting with the utmost desperation. Jones was nobly seconded by his first lieutenant, Richard Dale, then a young man only twenty-two years of age." [Afterward the well-known naval commander, Captain and Commodore Richard Dale, who performed so much and such gallant service in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, and who died in Philadelphia in 1826, at the ripe age of seventy.]

"The conflict waxed warmer and warmer; they fought hand to hand, with pistol and cutlass, and blood flowed freely. Already the *Richard* had been pierced by several eighteen-pound



THE RETTENBACH ALP, NEAR ISCHL, AUSTRIA. — L. BESTANDIG.

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balls between wind and water, and was filling, and her ten twelve-pounders were completely silenced; only three nine-pounders kept up a cannonade, but the marines in the round-tops sent volleys of bullets, with deadly aim, down upon the struggling Englishmen. Ignited combustibles were scattered over the *Serapis*, and at one time she was on fire in a dozen places. At half-past nine * * some cartridges were ignited, and all the officers and men of the *Serapis*, abaft the main-mast, were blown up. Three times both ships were on fire, and their destruction appeared inevitable. * * While the conflict was at its height the *Alliance* approached, and sailing around the struggling combatants, delivered several broadsides so as to damage both vessels equally. By one of them the *Richard* had eleven men killed and an officer mortally wounded.

"At length Captain Pearson, who had nailed his flag to the mast, perceiving his inability longer to endure the fight, struck his colors with his own hand and gave up the *Serapis* to Lieut. Dale, who was the first to board her. Ten minutes afterward, the *Countess of Scarborough*, which had been fighting with the *Pallas*, Captain Cottineau, surrendered. The *Richard* was a perfect wreck and fast sinking. Her sick and wounded were conveyed to the *Serapis*, and sixteen hours afterward she went down in the deep waters of Bridlington Bay. Jones, with the remains of his squadron and prizes, sailed for Holland, and anchored off the Texel on the 3d of October."

It is only proper to say that the French government disapproved of the action of Captain Landais, on that and other occasions, and that he was suspended and finally dismissed from the service. At the same time, the conflict with the *Serapis* made Paul Jones entirely what he had before been only in a degree—a naval hero. He went at once to sea again, in command of the *Alliance*, and did not reach America until 1781, more than three years after his departure. Congress gave him its special thanks, and, some years later, a gold medal. France created him a Knight of the Order of Merit, and gave him a splendid sword; and he received from both Russia and Denmark favors showing the distinction to which he had risen as a naval commander, very largely through that one terrible conflict. After the close of the war he was for a little time employed by the government as overseer of some ships in building, then sent to Paris to look after deferred prize-money. Afterward, for a brief period each, he was in both the Danish and Russian services, enjoying the rank of rear-admiral in the latter and serving in the Black Sea. The same fierce temper, however, which had made him a terror to his enemies at sea, was easily aroused against his friends at any real or fancied neglect; and his resignations from both the Danish and Russian services were accompanied by dissatisfactions of the most pronounced and loudly expressed order. He retired to Paris, with a pension, in 1789, and died there in 1792, a few days in precedence of the arrival of an American commission to Algiers, for the settlement of disputes with that government, in which there is reason to believe that neither his high temper nor his somewhat terrible reputation would have been at all a disadvantage. Oddly enough, and perhaps disgracefully enough for all the countries he had served, and especially for the one which he had served longest and most signally, the place of burial of John Paul Jones, "Paul Jones of the *Bon Homme Richard*," really the first American conqueror on the sea, has passed away from human recollection, so that not even the hand of a wanderer can hang a chaplet on his tomb during the patriotic revival of the Centennial. Oddly enough, also, it happens that during this same Centennial year, the British war-vessel employed to carry the Prince of Wales to India and back to England, is of the same name as the one captured in the terrible fight already noticed—the *Serapis*.

In that continuation and conclusion of Byron's "Don Juan," published some thirty or forty years ago, there occurs a meeting, on board a vessel in the Baltic, between the hero of the story, Don Juan, and Paul Jones, in which both the physical and mental characteristics of the naval hero would seem to have been sketched by one who knew both him and his history equally well. The time is evidently that not long preceding his death. We quote, in this connection, a few of the stanzas of this now rare volume, exhibiting both the characteristics already named:

"Tall, thin, and iron-faced, with every line
Of his hard countenance begrimed and stained,
As if the smoke and dust, red battle's sign,
Beyond the washing had itself remained;

With here and there a small infernal mine,
Where the fierce passions of the man were chained,
That might be ruin if they once were loosed,
And looked as if they had, some time, been used.

"We all like less to hear a deed than do one,
And Fortune's corks would sometimes like to sink.
No matter! Our good deeds sink soon enough,
And the world's waves, with me, are rather rough.

"I wish to tell you one unhappy truth—
That Russia, just now, is no place for us!
Catharine of Russia—do not start—likes youth
In the first flush, but brooks no overplus.
I've learned the lesson bitterly, in truth,
But learned to take it with no general fuss,—
That all things cloy her royal appetite:
She can not even savor *too much fight!*

"The smoke has scarcely yet worn off my face
That grimed it in that old she-tiger's service:
No man shall say that I am in disgrace,
But we are dead, with no employ to nerve us.
Potemkin rules it, in his pride of place,
And gives out work to madden Hood or Jervis!
My admiral's flag is scarcely one whole shirt,
But will be dish-cloths when I eat such dirt!

"Well, let it pass! We all must have our time
For good or evil fortune—good or evil,
My reputation has been one-half crime,
If crime is bringing pride to lower level!
It makes a pretty jingle in a rhyme—
The Scottish blackguard, Paul Jones, and the Devil!
I'm called all three at various eves and morns,
And may be devil, all except the horns!

"Let me tell you, in a word,
The treatment I have shared from Europe's thrones—
Denmark and France, the Russian being the third—
Treatment that no unspotted nation owns,
Though it has soiled America's young bird!
They all have pampered me till pay-day came,
And, truly, then they quite forgot my name!

"The Danish coast—I leave you." "For the court?"
"Ay, Christiern's throne is mortgaged for a sum
That they will pay me when they're short of sport
At other things; and when will that time come?
Why, quite as soon as I fight ship or fort
At any Christian ruler's trump or drum!
And if, for want of change, my spirits lag,
I'll fight, as I have fought, *Paul Jones' flag!*"

AN ADVENTURE OF RUBENS.

From the Italian of Giovanni Guerini.

RUBENS was thirty-five years old when he returned to Antwerp, his own city, there to build for himself a beautiful house, in which he lived until his death, which took place in 1640. One of the rooms on the first floor was assigned to his pupils, and a smaller one served him for his own private studio, where he painted many fine pictures. It was absolutely forbidden to his scholars to enter this room. When he went out he took the key with him, and his old servant, Francesco, who sometimes had the care of it, was the only person permitted to enter.

One day Rubens received a letter from a prince, who begged him to visit him at his castle, twenty miles from the city, for the purpose of painting his portrait. At the moment of his departure, consigning the key to Francesco, he charged him on no account to allow any one to enter the room, on pain of instant dismissal from his service. The next morning the pupils came, according to custom, to Rubens' house, to copy some pictures the master had given them; and learning of his departure for the castle of Prince de P—, the boldest among them gathered around Francesco, begging him to allow them to enter, if only for five minutes, into the studio of the master. But he replied at once that it was quite impossible and that he should never think of disobeying the express commands of his employer. One of the scholars, the richest among them, drew from his purse a gold piece, and said to him:

"This is for you if you will consent to our petition, and we will promise never to speak of it to any one."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," answered Francesco; but unable to resist the temptation of becoming the owner of this beautiful gold piece,

he yielded, little by little, to their prayers, and at length took the key and opened the door.

The students, impatient to enter, each one pushing and thrusting away the other, — one of them, wishing to be the first, and being strongly impelled by his companions behind him, fell, as ill-luck would have it, directly upon the last picture of Rubens, the "Deposition from the Cross," of which the colors were still fresh. The face of the Virgin and the arm of Mary Magdalen were effaced by this accident.

No words can express the absolute terror that fell upon the group of students, who, pale and motionless, stood like so many statues. After a short silence Francesco exclaimed:

"An evil genius tempted me, and I am punished indeed; but not one of you young gentlemen shall go out from this room without having repaired the harm you have done."

"Impossible!" cried the pupils with one voice; "we are not skillful enough even to touch the grandest works of our great master; we are not capable of it; we can not do it."

Then Francesco, placing himself before the door, said in a solemn voice: "No one shall go out of this room except over my dead body."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the servant, the oldest student, the same who had offered the gold piece, said: "Francesco is right in what he says: we have done the harm, we ought to repair it to the best of our ability; so let us draw lots to decide who shall do it."

Having said these words, he took a leaf from his pocket-book, tore it into strips, wrote on them his own name and those of his companions, and putting them together in a hat, told Francesco to draw out one. He at once obeyed, and drew out a strip on which was written the name of the youngest of all, who at once declared with great emphasis that it was very unjust that he should be made to repair the damage caused by the others, for he had entered the studio the last of all and consequently had pushed no one. But his companions, without heeding him for a moment, rushed headlong from the studio; and Francesco made haste to shut the door and put the key in his pocket, leaving behind him the youth whom fate had destined for the accomplishment of so difficult a task. After some time he rang the bell. Francesco came, and seeing that he had painted the face of the Virgin and the left arm of the Magdalen, gave the prisoner his liberty.

We may imagine, however, poor Francesco's state of mind. He desired the return of his master because the moments of expectation were terrible to him, and he dreaded it because he expected to be instantly dismissed for his disobedience.

At length Rubens returned. He would not go up-stairs to change his travel-stained garments, but said to Francesco, who stood behind him, not daring to look him in the face: "Give me the key of my studio; I want to see again that last picture that I painted: it will make me famous and will make the envious tremble. Quick, quick, the key!"

Francesco gave it up quickly and followed his master, trembling from head to foot. Rubens entered his studio, and surveying his masterpiece with loving eyes, he could not refrain from exclaiming: "Look, Francesco, look! See how beautiful the face of the Virgin is! Look at the left arm of the Magdalen: it seems to me even finer than the other."

Francesco at these words felt a new life within him, and, unable to contain his joy, threw himself at the feet of his master and told all that had taken place in his absence. When he reached the part of his story relating that the names of all were written on strips of paper, from which the name of the one who was to paint the picture was drawn by lot, Rubens did not allow him to finish, but exclaimed impatiently and anxiously: "Which one was it who repaired the injury? Quick, quick, Francesco, give me his name!"

Francesco replied, "The young Vandyck." *

— Alice D. Wilde.

* Vandyck was born in Antwerp in 1599; consequently, at this time, 1612, he could have been scarcely thirteen years old.

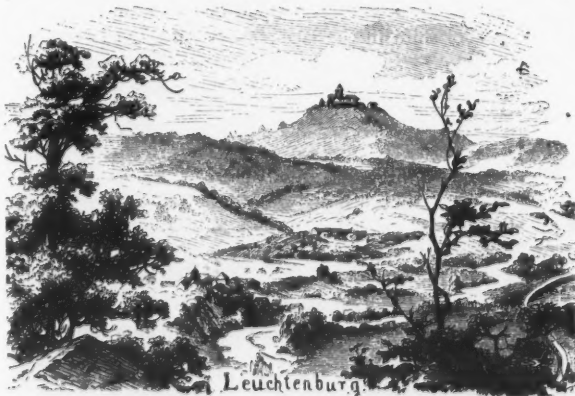


Dornburg.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.

SCENERY OF THE THURINGIAN SAALE.

THE habit of naming more than one river in the same country by the same name, with or without a prefix for distinction, is nearly as common in Germany as in England, where there exist half a dozen Leas, nearly as many Avons, and other streams only less numerous in similar nomenclature. One of the most notable of the German instances is to be found in the Frankische Saale, in Bavaria, falling into the Main at Gmünden; the Salzburger Saale, divided between Bavaria and Austria, falling into the Salza near Salzburg; and the much larger and longer Thuringian Saale, having its rise in the Fichtelgebirge Mountains, near Hof, flowing through all the Saxon duchies, and falling into the Elbe a few miles



Leuchtenburg.

southeast of Magdeburg, with a total length of 212 miles (nearly that of the Hudson), and a navigable character, even for large vessels, from Halle to the débouchure into the Elbe.

Few rivers of the earth, meanwhile, have ever been more charmingly illustrated in views capable of any wide dissemination, than the Thuringian Saale in the series of pictures which we present herewith—equally faithful in representation of the scenery intended to be conveyed, and delicate and pleasing in the manipulation. The Saale, as will be noted, and as should be

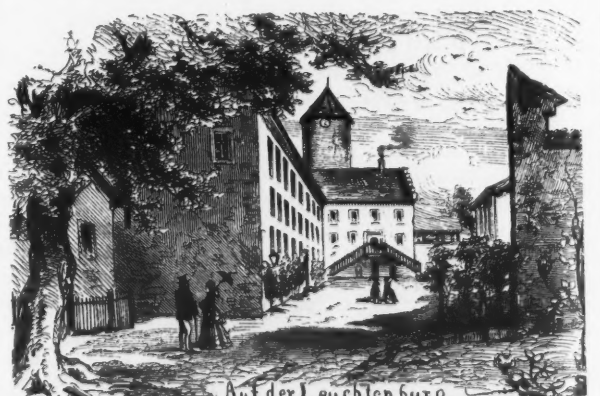
the case with so noble a stream,—has been honored alike in the growth of picturesque villages and the erection of proud fortresses of the earlier ages, along its banks; and to the latter, especially, its scenery owes much of its admitted beauty.

The central picture of this series is, of course, the magnificent Dornburg (or Dornberg, as the name is alternately given among the Germans), lying on the banks of the noble river, within the old Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, and only fifteen miles distant from the town of Weimar itself, seat of the government of that small territory so celebrated in the world of letters, and notable for the residence there and connection with it of Goethe, in that portion of his life in which he may be said to have made the most notable and enduring mark on the mind of his generation. Dornburg is by no means one of the populous cities of the earth; its population being scarcely more than one thousand, if so many; but the splendor of its situation, the healthfulness of the whole neighborhood, and the aroma of genius blended with antiquity hanging about it, have made it a place of delightful visit if not of favorite resort with those who, wandering through Europe, understand how and where to pick out those places which supply what Halleck well designated as the "Meccas of the mind."

Next to Dornburg may be mentioned Lobdaburg, second to the former in size and importance, as in age, and its influence on continental history,—but vying with it in that beauty which seems to belong so especially to the region watered by this noble river. Again, we have Leuchtenburg (not to be confounded, though it often is, with a town of exactly the same name, Leuchtenburg, lying in the upper Palatinate, Bavaria, a few miles east of Amburg). Leuchtenburg of the Saale lies in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, twelve miles southeast of the town of the latter name, and has so many picturesque features that the artist has doubly honored it by giving

not only a picture of the town from without, but one of the old and rambling streets making it so notable within ("Auf der Leuchtenburg").

Rudolstadt, capital of the principality just mentioned, eighteen miles south of Weimar, historically dating from the time of the Emperor Rudolph, and bearing a name signifying its origin, affords another of those pictures appealing so pleasantly to the eye and the mind imbued with romantic history. It has the old and once formidable walls remaining, with a cathedral of some eminence, a library of no less than forty thousand volumes, a gymnasium, and a gallery of pictures said to number very many of the best works of the great German masters. It has bowed more to the spirit of modern times, however, than many of its surrounding towns, being now somewhat noted for the manufacture of woolen cloths and por-



Auf der Leuchtenburg.

celain, in the latter of which branches it copies and rivals, however afar off, the magnificent and unapproachable Dresden.

This is followed by Kamburg (alternately and often spelled as Camburg, in violation of the German habit), in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, seventeen miles east northeast of Weimar, and needing a corresponding care to that already bespoken for some of the other towns on the Saale, to prevent its being confounded with another and much larger town called Kamburg, in the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Kamburg,

singularly beautiful in location, seems disposed to play the part of the "sleeping beauty" by allowing all the thunders of modern times to break around it without acknowledging disturbance, — though it is doubtful whether another description of "thunder," soon to be mentioned in this connection, did not for the time start the storks and swallows from the chimneys and gables of the old town, some seventy years ago, when the step of the great conqueror had just fairly begun to resound over the world of Continental Europe. Of even less consequence to the welfare of the busy world, is Weissenburg, with something less than a thousand inhabitants, lying some ten miles east of Bautzen, and with the distinction of being so called in the Wendish dialect once here prevailing altogether and even now to a considerable extent, that no other than a Wend could possibly believe it to be the same — nothing more nor less than "Wospork!"

Much more prominent than its partial namesake, the Mouse Tower on the Rhine, stands over the noble river the Fuchsthurm, or Fox Tower, which disputes with one of the old towers of Ireland the distinction of having been the spot where the droll story told by Tyrone Power, after Samuel Lover in "Rory

midable for attack or defense, in the wars of those times when Krupp's cannon and the Armstrong gun had not yet come into the field of vision. Jena has many edifices of some consequence — a university of

nadotte and Davoust; and Lannes and Augereau. The first news the truce-breaking King of Prussia received of the presence of Napoleon in his dominions, was from the explosion of the magazines of Nauem-



Kumburg

eminence, besides a lunatic asylum and a variety of scientific associations (perhaps the two belonging together); and it manufactures the odd blending of coarse linens, hats and tobacco. But not Jena of the far back times, nor yet Jena of to-day, is a thing of any consequence beside the Jena of seventy years ago. For here it was that one of the great battles of the world was fought, for the time doing its full share in changing the map of Continental Europe. Here it was that on the 14th of October, 1806, Napoleon totally and fearfully defeated the Prussians under their king and the Duke of Brunswick, the latter falling on the field, and the consequences being the almost total though temporary annihilation of the powers allied against the Great Corsican.

But Jena, on the Saale, can not be dismissed, however briefly the other towns studding that picturesque river may be, — without a closer reminder of that memorable battle. It only needs, preliminarily, to remind the reader that after the great triumphs of the campaign of Austerlitz, the power of Napoleon was for the first time fully acknowledged; but that in 1805 the influence of the Emperor of Russia was sufficient to induce the once defeated King of Prussia to grow restive under the chain of the

pieces might there atone for the want of larger guns, he set his men at work to cut a road up through the rocks, where they dragged their guns and planted a battery, which was to command the field on the coming day.

"The Emperor of the French passed the whole night with his army; helped drag the guns to the cliffs, and recalling the inspiring souvenirs of former campaigns, robbed his battalions of repose, and transported them with impatient rapture for the daybreak of another victory. Augereau commanded the right wing — Soult the left, and Lannes the centre, and Murat the reserve of cavalry, whose onset among wearied and heated columns was to decide the day.



Weissenburg



Fuchsthurm

O'More," actually had its foundation. Here it was, in the Fox Tower, as alleged, that the fox coming in to warm himself at the fire of the forester who occupied the lower story as winter quarters, had the door shut upon him and the dogs whistled for, whereupon Reynard took a blazing brand from the fire, threw it into the forester's bed, and obliged him to open the door with a certain suddenness to procure water for saving his furniture — at which crisis the triumphant fox, putting the brush of his tail to his nose in default of fingers, made his way out to the forest and disappeared. This is the legend of the Fox Tower, said to have given it the name, — as the fact (more or less) of the cruel and penurious Bishop Hatto, who hoarded the corn and starved the poor, being eaten up by the mice thus attracted within the building, is alleged to have bestowed the Mouse Tower designation on the queer old stronghold standing out in the Rhine not far from Bingen.

Then we have Orlamünde, picturesque enough as another of the old towns of the Saale, and no doubt a pleasant place of sojourn for those who at once desire the picturesque in scenery and the quiet in society (or the absence of it). But who can think, at any length, now, of this antique village, when glancing across from the Forsthausges, a view is caught of the old town of Jena — one of the names on the broad earth that may be said to have made history instead of enduring it or becoming part of it! Jena, twelve miles east south-east of Weimar, lies in a pleasant valley of the Saale, though in altitude 500 feet above the sea; and around it still stand some of the walls that once made it for-

treaty he had made with his conqueror — and finally to lead to the breaking of that treaty, the taking up of arms, and the winning of a few minor successes against the French forces, so far scattered and only half organized for the unexpected combat. It was not in Napoleon, however, to linger long over the work that he felt himself called to do; and the sudden and rapid precipitation of his forces into the Prussian dominions followed, almost with the rapidity of the lightning-stroke following the flash that gives the only warning. It is at this point that one of the most graphic battle-painters of the century (the author of "The Napoleon Dynasty") takes up the relation of the great battle itself; and we can do no better justice to the brilliant but bloody story then told for future generations on the banks of the Saale, than by

"Again, as at Austerlitz, a cloud of mist enveloped the contending hosts; and both armies were closing in battle before the sun revealed to either commander the divisions of his foe.

"Marshal Soult received the first charge of the Prussians, and it was a doubtful struggle — hand to hand. But Ney's division drove the Prussians back. The sun had now mounted the heavens, and so brilliantly that nothing but the smoke of battle obstructed the view.

"Napoleon saw the position of both armies, and ordered a simultaneous charge throughout the lines. The Prussians withstood the shock, and fought with the heroism of patriotic despair. At last Napoleon, who with a spy-glass in his hand (the one he always used in battle, and with which he could read the expression of a face at a great distance), saw where a bold charge would decide the battle, ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry. A single blast of the bugle was enough. The chafing squadrons that had been snuffing the smoke of battle for hours, leaped to the contest and dashed through the lines. The Prussian columns were broken — infantry, cavalry, guards and grenadiers, were wrapped in a winding-sheet of smoke and death. When the conflict ended, and the fresh north breeze

lifted the battle-cloud from the plain, 20,000 Prussians were dead or taken; with 300 cannon, sixty royal standards and twenty generals. Thus was defeated an army of 150,000 men; and thus the Prussian Monarchy lay at the feet of the conqueror."

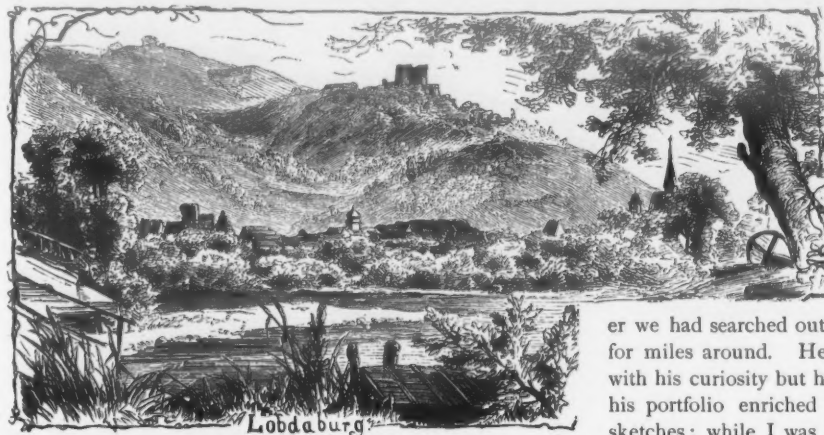


Orlamünde

quoting the words of that powerful and well-instructed writer:

"Again the hero of Austerlitz set his army of grenadiers and marshals in motion. They marched by three divisions — under Soult and Ney; Murat, Ber-

The series of pictures of the scenery of the Thuringian Saale, herewith given, are from the facile pencil of H. Heubner. As already said, a more pleasing



Lobdaburg

succession, with a noble river nearly always playing a leading part in the varying landscapes, might be long looked for and without result, in almost any other direction of either continent.

THE RETTENBACH ALP, NEAR ISCHL, AUSTRIA.

As is well known to most readers, one of the greatest salt mines of the world, or rather one of the greatest collections of salt mines, is to be found in and about the division of Steyermark, in Upper Austria. A considerable town of that section, and indeed the centre of the system of salt works, is Ischl, or Ischel, on the river Traun, at the confluence of that river with the Ischl, about twenty-five miles southwest of Steyer, and in the midst of what is locally called the "Salzkammergut" ("salt-chambers.") Meanwhile, the whole section has other attractions than those afforded by the salt production, the scenery of Steyermark being especially wild and grand, as was long ago noted by Bayard Taylor, who in his early travels sang:

"In Steyermark, bright Steyermark,
The fields are green and the forests dark;

And the sweetest songs of the finch and lark
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark."

Among the scenery, the Rettenbach Alp, near Ischl, holds a prominent if not the very first place, the crystalline peaks and ruffles which give so rare a character to all the scenery of the section, being joined with an Alpine glacier that might lie on the top of one of the Swiss giants—with the tall pines, the dark ravines, the low, broad-eaved chalets, and all the other charming features of the Helvetian mountain land. The drawing by L. Bestandig is equally excellent and faithful, and the whole picture a charming as well as a highly instructive and educative one.

THE WITCH OF ICE MOUNTAIN.

A LEGEND OF VIRGINIA.

It was six years ago, last summer, that I went up into Hampshire County, West Virginia, to visit some friends residing near the little village of R—. The scenery in the entire county and those adjoining it is very grand; often reaching to the sublime. Long ranges of mountains, unlike those in the Far West, which are clothed with dark pines alone,—but richly mantled to their very summits, with chestnut and chestnut oaks, white oak, red maple and hickory—while the lines were varied every hour in the day by the shifting vapors, the golden sunlight and the sheeted rains. Then there were the lovely smiling valleys, rich with their golden harvest, and dotted with comfortable homes; and clear, sparkling springs, creeks and rivers, winding, rippling, glittering and dancing along; first beside the foot of one mountain, then gliding over to kiss the base of the opposite range. All of this makes up the very landscape in which an artist delights—being rich in sunny meadow-gleams, dancing waters, and cool, mossy dells and nooks. Wherever

there are mountains, brooks and rich foliage, there may always be found precious golden spots for the canvas to catch to its sympathetic breast, and carry off to make city folks dream of woods and streams and cool, fresh country air.

I was sojourning in just such a spot as I have described. An artist cousin from the city had been with me for a month, and together we had searched out all the lovely nooks for miles around. He returned to the city with his curiosity but half gratified, but with his portfolio enriched with many beautiful sketches; while I was left to wander alone,

communing with nature and with my own soul. This was no hardship, however, as I had always felt the necessity of being alone a good portion of my time. True, we grow to love the excitement of society—glad to receive pleasurable impressions from without; but it is only when left entirely alone that we begin to know our own resources, or are able to fathom the depths of our own souls.

I had a good horse and was extremely fond of long rides through this picturesque region. I had no difficulty in finding my way to any of the wonderful scenes around me; and so alone I started, one September morning, to visit the celebrated Ice Mountain. I copy a portion of the description given by Samuel



Jena vom Forsthausgen

Kercheval in his "History of the Valley," a book written many years ago, and now entirely out of print:

"This most extraordinary and wonderful work of God's creation certainly deserves the highest rank in the history of the natural curiosities of our country. This mountain is washed at its western base by the North River, a branch of the Capon. The west side of the mountain, for about one mile, is covered with loose stones, of various size, many of which are of a diamond shape. It is probably six or seven hundred feet high, very steep, and presents to the eye a most grand and sublime spectacle.

"At the base of the mountain, on the west side, for a distance of about one hundred yards, and ascending some twenty-five or thirty feet, on removing the loose stones, which is easily done with a prize, the most perfectly pure and crystal looking ice, in all seasons of the year, is to be found, in blocks of from one or two pounds, to fifteen or twenty, in weight. * *

This is the more remarkable from its being a known fact that the sun shines with all its force from eight or nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening, on the surface covering the ice, but the latter defies its power. Milk, butter or fresh meat will keep almost any length of time in a

little house built for the purpose. If a fly venture in, he is immediately stiffened with the cold and becomes torpid. If a snake in his rambles happens to pass over the rocks covering the ice, he soon loses all motion and dies."

I had seen the wonderful mountain with its blocks of stone and the ice blocks below; with its spring of ice water just above the river bank at the foot of the mountain. I had admired the grand view, and had watched the flow of the beautiful stream that glided, in its loveliness, ever and ever onward to the sea. Such a scene always sets me to dreaming, and before I was aware of the presence of a human being, I was startled by the common salutation of the country:

"Evenin'!"

Looking up, I beheld one of the class known as "hillers" in Virginia, and whose physiognomies and manners are so admirably portrayed by "Porte Crayon," in his sketches for Harper. "S'pose you come to see Ice Mountain, did yer. That's a good many folks ben to see it sence I lived h'yar. Shouldn't wonder ef you didn't think it a grand thing, hey?"

I answered that I *did* think it a wonderful curiosity. This was sufficient to set him going. He told me how long he had lived here, where he came from, and quite a number of other items, entirely uninteresting. I arose to mount my horse for the purpose of journeying homeward.

"Did you hear tell o' the witch o' Ice Mountain?" he asked.

My ears opened instantly. "No; did they have a witch here, ever?"

"O yes; I thought everybody knowed about her. Ole Aunt Hepsy Bean's seed her many a time, and I've hearn tell about her ever sence I was a boy!"

"Does any one in R— know about her?" I asked, for I did not think I had time to hear the story from my uncouth acquaintance, and reach the village that night.

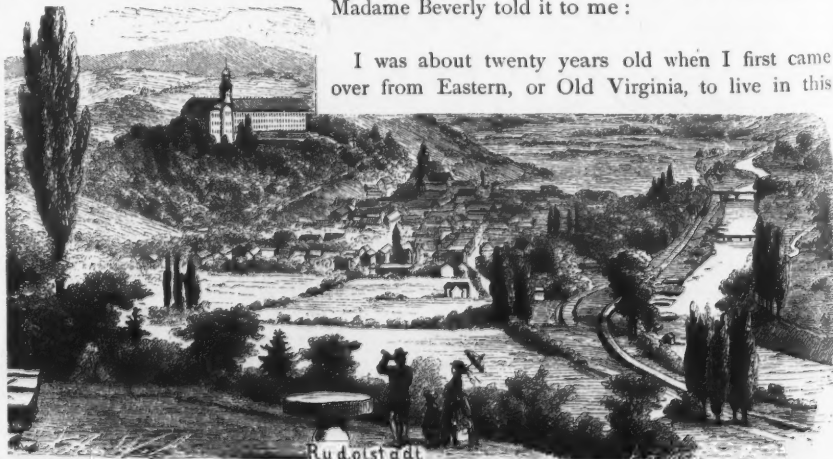
"O yes! That's ole Ma'am Beverly in town; she knows more about her'n anybody. They du say that she didn't never b'lieve that she was a witch, an' that she knowed all about her. But ole Aunt Hepsy says that her mother knowed for a certainty

that she charmed the milk so's the butter wouldn't come, and throwed the little boy into spazzums, 'cause they laughed at her ugly ole face."

Now "ole Ma'am Beverly" was a very old lady, and a grandaunt of the very friend I was boarding with. Everybody called her Madame Beverly, and she was one of the relics of the first society in the early days of Virginia. The madame was ninety-three years old, perfectly courtly in manner, and beloved by all her intimate friends, though feared a little by the illiterate people of the surrounding country.

I thanked the man for his information, and hastened homeward, my mind filled with the romance of a real witch story. And the following is the tale as Madame Beverly told it to me:

I was about twenty years old when I first came over from Eastern, or Old Virginia, to live in this



Rudolstadt

glorious mountain land. I was strong and well, a first-rate horsewoman, and was perfectly enthusiastic over the grand scenery around my new home. I

had visited many of the places of interest in our own and the adjoining counties—sometimes alone and sometimes in company, when one day the Ice Mountain was mentioned. Colonel Beverly was away from home, to be absent a couple of weeks; and as my time would hang heavily upon my hands till his return, I decided to go. I had seen the wonders which you have seen to-day, and had heard the farmer at the foot of the mountain speak of the witch who lived in the little hut I could see in the distance, when I slipped a piece of money in his hand and bade him good-bye.

"You'd better wait awhile, I'm a thinkin'," he said; "I shouldn't wonder if we didn't have rain."

This paradoxical prediction, in a phraseology quite common in the neighborhood, caused me to raise my eyes toward the sky; but I only saw a small cloud-bank a little to the southwest.

"I think not before I reach R——," I said, and rode on. But before I had gone a mile, the little bank had spread over the zenith with a rapidity only known in mountain regions. If I turned back I should certainly get drenched, and there was no house for three miles before me. Glancing about in my dilemma, I descried the little hut of the witch, nestled up among the trees at the mountain's foot, not more than a quarter of a mile from the road. Searching about, I found a blind path leading thence, and quickly made my way toward the cabin; but the big drops caught me before I reached it, and when I jumped from my good mare, Jennie, at the witch's door, I was "pretty wet, like," as they say here.

The sound of horses' feet brought her to the door—this poor woman whom they called a witch—though I knew her for a real human woman just as well after I had seen her as before. And yet, poor thing, she *was* frightful to look upon. Her face was terribly scarred, with great red marks made by the fire demon; but her eyes were left, and they were soft and brown, with a kind of timid, hurt expression in them, that made my heart ache for her at the first glance. And was this the woman who used her wicked power to charm the butter, give cattle the murrain, and even to torture human life and throw babies into convulsions? Bah! I only wished I had a baby with me, to show the poor desolate creature how willingly I would trust it to her care.

I told her of my condition, and asked her if there was a little shed or thicket where my horse could find shelter. She immediately called "Tom" from a dark corner of the cabin, who took my horse, unsaddled her, and put her somewhere under shelter, I knew not where, and cared not, for I knew she was safe.

I sat by the fire till I was comfortably dried; I drank a cup of pennyroyal tea, which the good creature handed me timidly, as if fearing that I would not drink. By this time Tom had returned, and I asked if he were her son.

"O no, madame; only a good friend from the village, who takes my work, and brings me such things as I need."

"And do you really live here in the woods all alone?" I asked, with sympathy in my tones.

"Yes, indeed, madame; since my great misfortune," pointing with her hand to her disfigured face, "I have found the trees and mountains far more sympathetic companions than any of my kind. Yet I have, besides, my little dog, my kittens, and chickens, as you will see. *They* do not love me less because my beauty has departed."

"Won't you tell me your story?" I asked, with moistened eyes, which betrayed my sincere interest.

"Yes, if you do not think me a witch, like the rest of them."

Assuring her that I had not the slightest belief in such mythical creatures, and declaring that all the old Salem witch-burners, if I could have my wish, would have been tortured in their own fires, I succeeded in establishing her self-reliance sufficiently to enable her to give me her history. I give the history in my own words:

Huldah Walton belonged to one of the best old Virginia families, her great-grandparents being titled English folks. She was the only child of her mother,

who died in her infancy. Her father, who had adored his wife, showered caresses upon her child, and gave her every indulgence. In her tenth year he brought another mistress to reign in his household. Mrs. Walton was not cruel to the little girl, yet she was entirely unsympathetic in her nature; and had it not been for her son by her former marriage, a boy of fourteen, little Huldah would have been quite desolate. For the new wife was so exacting in her claims upon her husband's time and attention, that the child was really neglected by her father. Frank Williams, however, took a great liking to the little pet, and they soon grew to be great friends. So the time passed pleasantly until her fifteenth year. She had grown up quite a beauty, to judge from the miniature upon ivory which she showed me. She was sent to boarding-school and Frank to college, and the separation only increased their affection for each other. To be brief, the young couple loved and were affianced when Huldah was seventeen and Frank almost twenty-two, with the full consent of both parents. Never, apparently, shone brighter prospects upon any young couple. But we know not the day or the hour when misfortune may overtake us.

It was in October. The mountains and valley were clothed in gorgeous hues. The young people were at home, and the preparations for a wedding were apparent in every portion of the old mansion. Mr. Walton had presented his daughter with an elegant India shawl, sent for the purpose direct from Calcutta, by a brother who resided there. The rich dress of white satin was ready, trimmed with priceless old lace, brought from England by Huldah's grandmother, and which had been preserved for years in countless folds of tissue paper. The dress had been laid, lightly folded, in a large cedar box, in the bottom of which rested the shawl, and the casket of pearls, left her by her young mother. Huldah had opened it that evening to take a peep at her bridal treasures, and had then locked the box, placing the key in her cabinet. She and Frank had passed a delightful evening, and now she was dreaming of him so fondly loved. Suddenly, with a choked feeling, she awoke. She thought she was dying. She opened her eyes, and a strange roaring noise met her ears. With a great effort she arose, threw open the window, and oh, horror! discovered that the house was on fire. She snatched up her precious box and ran, wild with affright, to the stairway. It was all in flames. She rushed to the window, screaming at the top of her voice, "Father! Frank! Save me!" No one answered. A scene of confusion danced before her eyes. She saw old Aunt Milly, the head house-servant, who screamed out, "Da's Miss Huldah! Sabe her! Sabe her!" Nobody seemed to hear. She rushed again to the stairway, and fearing to wait, dashed down through the flames just as old Uncle Jake reached the window with a ladder. All this time she had unconsciously clutched the precious box, forgetting in her fright and agony that she held it in her arms. And when, blazing from head to foot, she reached the open air, old Milly met her with a blanket, which she threw over her head and rolled tightly around her body. She was fearfully burned. No one could have recognized her. It was thought for a long time that her eyes were destroyed; but, as she said, "Thank God they were left her!" If she might never more be looked upon with admiration, she had the privilege left of beholding Nature in all her wonderful beauty and sublimity. And this, she said, was worth living for, if she had naught else.

But what of Frank, and her father and friends? Frank had gone that night, after leaving his betrothed wife, to the neighboring village, to transact some business early in the morning, so that he could all the sooner be with his darling. And this was why he was not there to hear her appealing cry. As for Mr. Walton, the shock was too great for him. He had been in poor health for a year or two, but kept it from his family. Only his wife knew of it, and he was not cognizant of her knowledge. His disease was of the heart, and the shock of awaking to find his home on fire caused his almost immediate death. Weeks passed before Huldah knew anything as to the

fate of her father or friends. Once only Frank had visited her, and then she was happily unconscious. He gave one glance at the horribly disfigured face, and then, without a word, left the room, merely pausing below to beg the people to take good care of her, and they should be well paid. And she never asked for *him*—only for her father, now far beyond any knowledge of her sufferings.

It is well for those who have never experienced the bitterness of a knowledge to the contrary, to speak of the undying love of a true man for the heart, soul, and mental graces of woman, and how such love will live when beauty and youth shall have forever departed. There is no such a love upon the earth; or, at least, none that will bear the test of a horrid deformity of feature in woman. There have been cases of a woman clinging to the lover of her choice through all these trials, and after he was maimed and blinded, as well. But ever since the days of Mary, it has been one of the great prerogatives of the sex to sacrifice all to duty. But men love women for their beauty, real or imaginary, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. And when that is gone, all is gone. No matter how we try to cheat ourselves, we shall always come to this sad conclusion when the case is tested. Yet these same men rail at women for attempting to preserve their youth and their good looks, and fill the papers and magazines with their homilies upon the vanity of femininity. As if they were not at the bottom of it all! When a strange lady is spoken of, the first question is always, "Is she pretty?" And if the answer happens to be "Not so very handsome, but deucedly stylish," as often happens, we know that this means young and rich; for how can a woman be stylish without wealth?

Poor little Huldah! The love in her heart was just as deep and strong; the soul was just as pure, and, perhaps, tried by fire, even purer; but the face divine was forever blighted, and so the heart and soul were left to thirst and hunger upon the earth—alone, forever alone! How could she do other than she did—shun the face of humanity? And who could paint the desolation of this young heart, so suddenly bereft of all that makes life beautiful? Who tell the utter shrinking from the face of day, in her first terrible bereavement? When she had almost entirely recovered her health, still however remaining with the family who had alone witnessed her disfigurement, Mrs. Walton's lawyer one day called upon her. The poor child trembled from head to foot, as, throwing a veil over her features, she entered the parlor to meet him.

"Good morning, Miss Walton—ah—please accept my—ah—sympathy in your misfortune. Mrs. Walton—ah—desires me to convey to you her—ah—condolence and regrets. She thinks—ah—that probably, after all the—ah—distressing circumstances that have so lately occurred—ah—you would prefer to live elsewhere. And as Mr. Walton's will—ah—leaves his property all in the hands of Mrs. Walton—ah—it is hoped that the modest sum left by your mother may, under the circumstances—ah—be sufficient for all your wants."

"And did my father really leave me nothing, sir? I, who was so soon to have been married? I can not, I do not, I will not believe it!"

"It is only too true, miss. The Valley Farm, as it was called, with five thousand dollars, was left to Mr. Frank—the remainder to Mrs. Walton. The two thousand dollars from your mother is all that legally comes to you."

"And Frank Williams *dares* to keep what was only given him as my betrothed husband! Well, let it be so. But tell him, sir, for me, that I *know* the curse of God will go with it. I wish you good morning."

She thought that her indignation and pride would conquer her love. And she strove and prayed for strength, and gained it, in a measure. All her pretty furniture and home-trinkets, all her clothing and valuables were destroyed in the fire; all, save the contents of the cedar box. She had gone once with a party of young people to visit the famous Ice Mountain. The desolate beauty of the scene arose before her, and she determined to purchase a little piece of

land here, where, undisturbed, she could gaze upon the face of nature, and meet with no repelling glances in return. A school friend resided in R—; and she thought, through her influence, to obtain sale for fancy-work, sufficient for her support, and for the purchase of books, now her only companions. A few engravings of landscapes were added, but no copy of a human face ever found a place upon her walls. It was during her search for this friend, Mrs. Col. B., that she was seen by some of the ignorant villagers. And when it was found that she lived entirely alone at the mountain's foot, they immediately voted her a witch. Mrs. B. had endeavored to persuade her to live with her, promising her the most utter seclusion. But she dreaded the sight of a human face, and grew more and more enamored of solitude. She had lived here for thirty years. Her friend was dead and she was desolate, save for the presence of her pets and her books. They had long called her a witch, and had shunned her; so that her earnings were very small. A boy whom she had found in the woods, wounded and bleeding, and had nursed into life, believed in her; and he was half idiotic. Yet he brought her provisions from the town, and she did not know what she should do without him.

Huldah was not so old as she looked, being but little over fifty. But loneliness and sorrow and disease had made their marks upon her; and I felt sure that if she remained here, poor Tom would come some day and find her dead. My heart went out in sympathy to the desolate woman, and I begged her to come and live with me. I told her she need not fear any repulsive feeling on my part, as those soft brown eyes redeemed everything in my estimation—and that my husband would be delighted to do all he could toward making her life at least tolerable. But she would not be persuaded. Her dread of meeting those of her own kind amounted almost to a monomania; and if I had not reached her door in the midst of a storm, she confessed that she would never have permitted me to enter. So, with a warm shake of the hand, and a tender womanly kiss on her scarred cheek (at which she trembled and blushed like a maiden at the first kiss of love), I was obliged to leave her in her loneliness. But every mail carried to her books, papers and pictures of grand natural scenery. These I addressed to "Aunt Huldah, care of Tom Allen;" and through the kindness of the idiot boy, they always reached her in safety. Letters of thanks came to me, in a delicate, lady-like chirography, and which were overflowing with gratitude for my little favors. Often she spoke of a poem or a picture in terms which displayed a keen perception of the beautiful, and a taste exceedingly refined and delicate. But for years there was no allusion to the past. At last, after a long interval of silence on her part—so long that I thought seriously of breaking the promise she had exacted of me, not to visit her—another letter came. Her old lover had found her out. One misfortune after another had followed his mother and himself. The property was lost in speculation; the mother was dead; and he had wandered, like Cain, through the land without peace, prosperity, or contentment. He was working in a stone quarry for a livelihood, when an imperfectly arranged blast had burst and entirely destroyed his eyesight. He had begged and traveled for years, and every one he had heard of bearing the name of Huldah he had sought and questioned, but all in vain. Coming at last to R—, he had immediately attracted the attention of "Silly Tom," as he was called, who was always kind to the distressed. Through him he had heard of "Aunt Huldah," as Tom called her; and going with his young friend to see her, had thus found his olden love. The poor old man had a bad cough and was dying, and Huldah knew it. So, it was only like a woman that she should want him to remain with her. This could not be done without a wedding. So Tom brought a minister to the mountain hut, who made the old lovers one. He was dead when she wrote and told me all this. Tom had dug him a grave upon the mountain's side, and had promised to do the same for her when her time should come. Her Bible and the books I had sent her were her consolers, and she was

all the happier that *he* had repented his desertion of her and had at last learned to appreciate her affection. It would not be long, she said, before she would lie down beside him; and if I would come when I should receive a last letter, and plant a flower upon her grave, as she had done on his, she would be content. Besides, she would want to leave me a little memento, and would let me know, through Tom, when I should come.

Not more than six months had passed when the letter came. It was in June, when the laurel and azalea, the wild rose and the violet brightened all the land. I covered her grave with the bright memorials, not neglecting that of her old lover-husband. And when Tom gave me a charred cedar box, I knew it to be the one she had carried with her through the fire on that dreadful night. I could not open it there. Neither did I look at the letter which Tom gave me till I reached my private room. It said:

"I never parted with these treasures: neither did I need to. I needed so little and my work always sold well. You are the only human being who has shown me a true sympathy, and to you I leave the contents of this chest. To Tom I have given my little home and the furniture, with the pictures he has always admired so much. Perhaps in heaven my young face will be given back to me, with all that I have lost. Farewell! May the God of Grace bless you for your sympathy and love, given without stint to poor, mutilated
"HULDAH."

I opened the chest, and lo! there I beheld a treasure indeed. A shawl of the richest Indian make, rich enough for a queen; a dress of creamy satin, trimmed with rich lace a century old; a necklace and ear-rings of costly pearls, and nearly five hundred dollars in silver—the remnant of her mother's legacy. Oh! if people had known of her treasure, would the name of witch have been any protection to her? I fear not.

The dear old lady opened a drawer and showed me the shawl, the only thing she had kept in her old age from her friend's legacy. It was as fresh, almost, as new, and wonderfully beautiful. The pearls and dress she had given to her only daughter.

"As for poor Tom," she said, "I mounted Jennie a few days after I left him there alone, and went to see him. I used my utmost endeavor to persuade him to come and live with me; but all to no purpose. He would not forsake the grave of his friend: and it was only after many years, when I heard that he was ill and not likely to recover, that I could induce him to come with me. He consented at last on condition that he should be buried beside Aunt Huldah: a promise sacredly kept by me." —*Mary E. Neely.*

"ETCHINGS AND ETCHERS."

WHETHER Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of the book with the above title, lately issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston, uses his hand to illustrate art on canvas or in letters, the effect is the same of holding an audience so long as he may desire: a desire which has not yet suffered abatement, if we judge by his rapidly following books that appeal to varying tastes. There is a familiar charm about "Round my House,"—in which we are brought into almost intimate relations with the author, as with the rural population of France in the vicinity of his adopted home, and, indeed, with provincial France generally,—that is changed in "Etchings and Etchers" to more abstract pleasure, in the stimulus this weightier volume affords to the enjoyment of true art,—particularly the art of etching practically considered,—and the tracing of such enjoyment to its intellectual sources.

Mr. Hamerton is scarcely more an artist than a philosopher, and he is indebted to his popularity as an art expositor to the facile manner in which he interblends the aroma of the two schools his genius serves. The same reasoning by which he leads his students into the higher realms of artistic development may equally lead the eclectic spirit into the refinements of social life. For instance, in the chapter on "Emphasis," he says: "We must not be too emphatic. With cultivated people the most effectual emphasis is very subtle and delicate, avoiding violence, and seeming rather to arise from the courteous

wish to spare trouble to the audience, than from any eagerness to compel attention. If an artist will listen to the best conversation that is to be had, and also to the best music, he may safely carry so much emphasis as he has heard there into his own practice. There is a difference between such just and necessary stress as this and the violence of bad manners and bad art." What better insight than this could be offered at a single glance to the aspirant who would emulate the manners of the best social clique? And just so Mr. Hamerton in "A Painter's Camp," on "The Unknown River," in his "Intellectual Life,"—wherever he moves his happy pen, treats not only intelligently and with concentrated interest his subject-matter, but in the most natural manner opens unexpected avenues of thought to his listener's mind.

However we may differ from certain artistic theories of Mr. Hamerton, and question the justness of his estimate of representative artists frankly discussed, none may deny that for the art of etching, its poetry, its elevation, he stirs up a very lively interest through these pages, and that in them he gives to the world the best extant English treatise on this branch of æsthetic expression, whose revival he welcomes with a glow of genuine and magnetic enthusiasm.

This volume is less rich in plates than the original one bearing the same name, and of which copies can now be had only at fancy prices, but is choice in illustration, nevertheless, and reflects credit upon its publishers, who have made it exceptionally admirable in points of paper and press-work. —*Mary B. Dodge.*

A GENERAL OCCULTATION.*

FEBRUARY the third, at 9:40 at night,
As the *Herald*, through Parkhurst, predicted,
An instructive as well as a wonderful sight
At New York, and about, was expected:
The moon, being "down" on some clusters of stars,
And disposed, without doubt, to insult 'em,
Had arranged, in the words that astronomy jars
On the ignorant ear, to "occult 'em."

To "occult" is to *hide*: so the Pleiades six—
(Long ago they had ceased to be seven)—
By this specimen fair of the moon's foulest tricks,
Were to be blotted out from the heaven—
At the whim, some one said, of those pundits profound,
Known alternate as savans and asses,
Who spend their whole lives poking uselessly round
After comets, and such things, with glasses.

Shame, shame on the moon! Through the centuries long
Had not she had *her* innings, we wonder:
To be told of in story and sung of in song?
Then why should the stars be shoved under?
To "discover the longitude:" bah, what a hoax!
To "make sure of star-movement and distance!"
As if any such knowledge would aid honest folks
In their hard-working, bothered existence!

Well, the shame was prevented, as all understand,
In a quite satisfactory manner;
For Old Probs, *alias* Boreas, took it in hand,
And "that's what's the matter with Hannah!"
Did the moon "occult" anything?—bad for the moon!
For the clouds put *her* out, like a candle;
And it doth not appear that remarkably soon
The star-gazers that "aspect" will handle!

In fact, to prevent such a palpable shame,
He just wiped out the whole stellar system,
So that, hidden and open, they all were the same
And of course there was no one that missed 'em.
But to finish the whole, and to make it right sure
No astronomer slyly could prank it,
He "occulted" the earth with a veil doubly pure
In the shape of a snowy white blanket.

Now, no more of this nonsense: 'tis very unsafe
To go meddling with things far above us;
And Old Probs and his cousin so easily chafe:
So do let them alone, if you love us!
With a trifle like this we've had trouble enough
In the total upset of the weather;
And some day they may cut up exceedingly rough,
And "occult" this bad world altogether!

—*Dr. Joseph Sharpe.*

* Great expectations had been formed, as all will remember, by the astronomers, of the scientific information to be derived from the occultation of the Pleiades by the moon, on the night of February 3d, 1876: all those calculations being deranged by the one heavy snow-storm of the season.

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OLD STOCKBRIDGE. . . . A. PARTON.